THE

PALL MALL GAZETTE

An Evening Newspaper and Review.

No. 7297.—Vol. XLVIII. *MONDAY, AUGUST* 6, 1888. *Price One Penny.*

AT HIGH PRESSURE.

"Could you sit for a whole day on the banks of a stream, doing nothing, and thinking of nothing, but only throwing stones into the water?" No one who could not reply in the affirmative to that question was, said the late Mr. Greg, in a proper state of health; for not to be able to do nothing argued an excess of strenuousness which in the long run would be fatal both to bodily and mental sanity. How many men, we wonder, in this bustling year of grace could pass Mr. Greg's test? There is nothing but high-pressure anywhere. In politics, there is no Bank-holiday; not a Saturday half-holiday, even; and the recess is to be cut down from six months to two. All the papers are pitying the poor members who have so little time to shoot, and the Ministers who have no time at all to think. But the rest of us are just as bad. What a frantic business, for instance, we make of our play! How many of the holiday-makers to-day would be happy doing nothing, instead of tearing off by road or rail or participating in the excitement of "Professor" Baldwin's flights? All our entertainers, by the way, are "Professors" now; and as for the public schools, games are nothing but "training." Another symptom of the disease was pointed out by the Bishop of Ripon in his address to the University Extension students at Oxford on Novels. The novel, he said, "had taken the "place of the Professor's desk, and ascended into the pulpit." This is quite true. The modern novel, on one side of its development, is prodigiously serious; and a world which once laughed with "Pickwick" now wrestles with the problems of "Robert Elsmere." The other line along which modern popular fiction is developing may seem at first sight a reaction against the school of psychological analysis and stories with a purpose. But in reality the modern novel of adventure shows the same strenuousness under a different form. We require the pace of our stories to be as furious as that of our trains, and their sensations to be as chronic as in the House of Commons. The old-fashioned leisurely story-teller, without a problem or a purpose or a mystery, is as extinct as the idle singer of an empty day; and the place in which the old world found it sweet to play the fool or to "sit by a "stream doing nothing and thinking of nothing," is every day becoming more crowded out.

There is an interesting illustration of the same tendency in the report of the Lambeth Conference, which is published this morning. The Report is full of suggestive matter, about which there may be something to be said hereafter; but what is most striking in the document as a whole is the way in which the Church has put away childish things and addressed itself to the serious business of life. It would be hard to find a better intellectual counterpart of "sitting by a stream and throwing stones into the water" than the old practice of theological disputations. The first Pan-Anglican Conference indulged itself largely in that laborious futility. The present Conference has pushed it almost out of sight, and has placed in the forefront—as the weightier matters requiring the Church's first and instant attention—just those serious problems which are engrossing all the world beside. The Church is to assist in temperance agitation. It is to adopt the New Crusade, and preach that while "there is no difference between man and woman in the sinfulness of sins," yet that "on the man, in his God-given strength of manhood, rests the main responsibility." It is to study Socialism—not necessarily making common cause with the Socialist advocates, but at any rate lending them its sympathy and instructing its ministers in economic science. Such is the programme which the Pan-Anglican Conference puts first in its report. There is plenty of theological matter besides; but in the first place it is put behind, and secondly it is all coloured by the influence of the other. Having recognized moral and social improvement as the first thing needful, the Church naturally comes to recognize the brotherhood of other sects which have the same great end in view. Hence come the spirit of toleration and the leaning to inclusion which are chiefly conspicuous in the more theological clauses of the Report. The authors of the Report themselves are hardly conscious of the great change that has come over the spirit of the Church, or of the reasons for it. Immediately after claiming precedence for moral and social work, they go on to deplore the "sad deficiency" in "doctrinal" teaching. But what would they have? Men who are absorbed in navigating a boat upon a stream have no time to be idly throwing stones into the water. There is, indeed, in the ideal life a time for all things—for relaxation as well as strenuousness, for idling as well as for high endeavour. But the time for the reconciliation has not yet come, and over-strenuousness is the note of our age.

THE KING OF THE CLOUDS.

An Interview with the Bold Baldwin.

It was just half-past eight when I drove up to the house in Kennington-road on Saturday morning to have a chat with Bold Baldwin, the King of the Clouds, whose daring performance is now the sensation of the day. The professor is an early riser, and I found him and his charming wife sitting among a pile of newspapers, containing thrilling sketches and graphic accounts of his flight through space, which they were mailing to the American friends they had left behind them. Mr. Baldwin, whose portrait we give here, is a very determined-looking fellow, with strong jaws; he speaks slowly, and evidently thinks twice before he speaks. This intrepid balloonist was born at Quincy, Illinois, on June 30, 1860. He has been a showman since 1870, when he was apprenticed to a travelling circus, in which he first appeared as a gymnast. Afterwards, with the same show, he mastered the tight-rope business with enough success to justify him in trying it for himself. His last walk was a notable one. At the Cliff House, Seal Rock, San Francisco, he practised pedestrianism on a five-inch steel cable wire 110 feet above the ground and spanning the distance of 620 feet, being the first one to accomplish it. Many others had tried it before him but failed. He next drifted into aëronautics, and for the two years following he made a series of successful ascents, using hydrogen-gas balloons entirely. He then turned his attention to the parachute as a means of heightening the attraction, and after many trials he produced the perfected parachute which he is now using. With the aid of numerous diagrams he explained in the most lucid manner the theory and practice of the parachute.

The Professor.

"You see," he said, "it is quite simple, and in the centre of the top is a hole about fourteen inches in diameter. That is the difference between my parachute and the others which have collapsed and been the death of the men who have risked their necks on them. You see air is a most delicate medium. To give a simple explanation of the working of the parachute I can only compare it to a bucket of water which is full to the brim. The least vibration will cause it to run over. So it is with the parachute when it is fully expanded. It is full to the brim with air, and the surplus quantity runs out through the little hole at the top. The rigid parachute, having no such safety valve, oscillates so violently that it turns over."

"What power do you possess over the direction of the parachute when it has filled out?"

"I find that by constant practice I am able, by tilting it gently one way or the other, to steer very close to any point that I want."

"I suppose your chief danger is in alighting?"

"Yes, that is the most difficult part of the performance, for I consider what I do at present in the light of a gymnastic feat. When the parachute opens to its full extent I am descending at the rate of 12 feet every second, which as a rule I maintain till I reach the ground. The shock of touching *terra firma* is generally very slight—no more than if you jumped off a chair on to the floor. Of course it varies according to the way that is on the parachute, which varies with the height at which it opens."

"When you leave the ground in the balloon have you any idea where you will alight?"

"Yes. I generally know within a very few yards. Of course the moment I give the word to let go I study the angles which we are making, the rate we are travelling, and the direction. The real danger is the length of time

which it takes for the parachute to expand. Understand me, it is beyond human probability that it can fail to expand, but it might not do so until I was within 200 feet, say, of the earth, in which case the force of the fall would be very great. Even then I should be able to control its direction in some measure, but there are certain eddying air-currents close to the ground which might disturb your steering at a critical moment."

"Then have you no means of controlling the opening of the parachute at the right moment?"

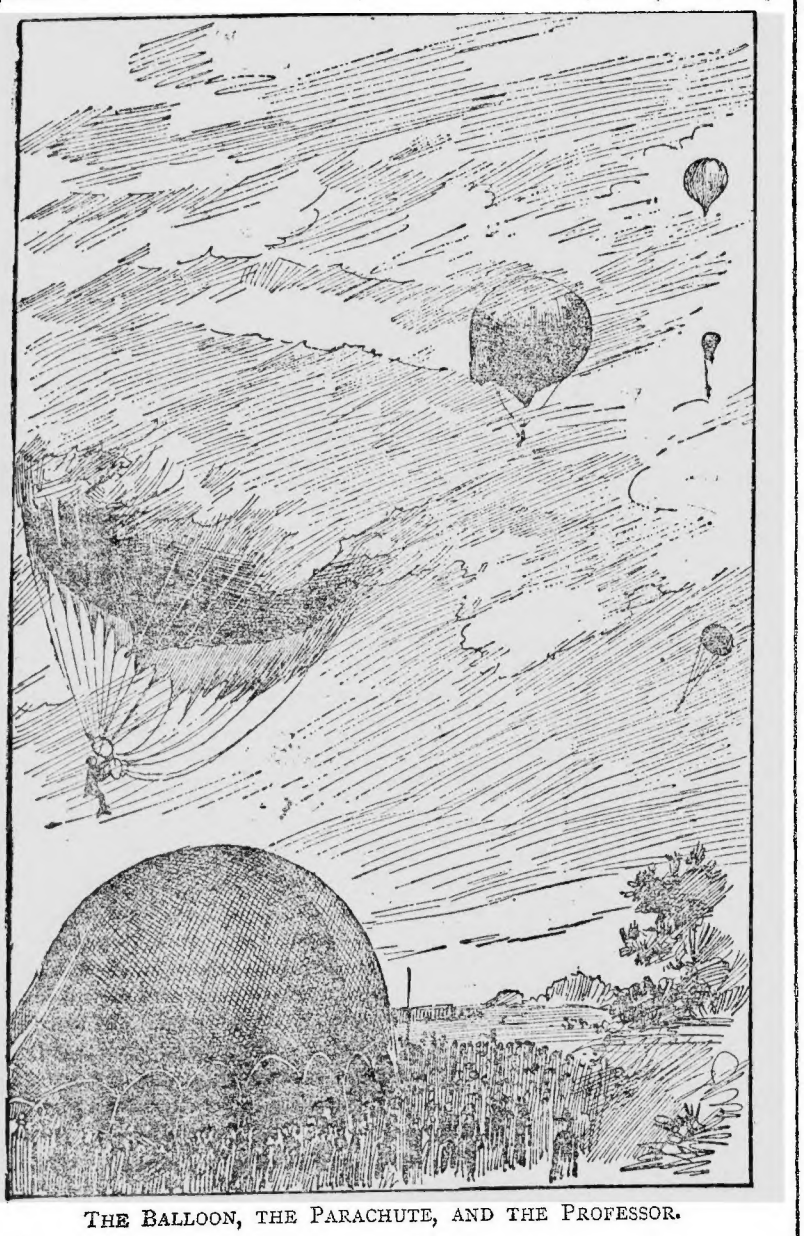
"Not a certain method, but by inserting a ring of a certain circumference within the folds of the parachute, you allow it to fill in the ascent. The larger the ring the more the air, and therefore the quicker the expansion of the parachute."

"When you leave the earth you sit in the loop of a cord which is attached to the ring of the balloon. Would it not be easier to go up in a small car?"

"I dispensed with the car as it was much more difficult for me to get off at the right moment, and made the strings and attachments at the mouth of the balloon more complicated."

"You might have a small car for the parachute, I suppose?"

"Yes. A light wicker car, about five pounds in weight would be quite feasible, but I feel more at ease and I have a greater control over the parachute if I simply hold on to the ring."



THE BALLOON, THE PARACHUTE, AND THE PROFESSOR.

"But is not the strain on the arms very great?"

"No, because the air below serves as a sort of buffer and lessens the resistance."

"Is the sensation pleasant?"

"Delightful in long trips, but in a 1,200 or 1,500 feet ascent I am on the alert the whole time, and have no time to think of sensations. The balloon goes up with such velocity that by the time I have loosed the cords by which the parachute is attached to the balloon it is time to pull the rip cord."

"Then you never feel giddy as one does if he looks from the top of a tower?"

"No, because the tower is part of the earth, and the attraction is very great. But when you are in a balloon or a parachute you are part of the air as it were. No matter how nervous or anxious you are, suppose you are an amateur who is about to make his first ascent in a balloon, the moment you leave the earth you experience a sense of exhilaration and pleasure."

"About the rip cord?"

"That runs up to the top of the balloon, and the moment I pull it the gas begins to rush out. I have also a cord, which works a valve at the top of the balloon. This is in case the rip cord does not slit the balloon, in which case my parachute and I might be taken up without any means of descent."

"How is the parachute attached to the balloon?"

"By a slip hook, which always remains on the netting of the balloon, being attached to the parachute by a bit of thin white cord, which breaks the moment my weight is on it."

"Now, Mr. Baldwin, perhaps you can tell me what use this daring deed of yours can be to the world?" Whereupon Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Farini remarked that our military balloonists were delighted with the success of his performance, because it will probably lead to the adaptation of the parachute to our military balloons which are used for purposes of reconnoitring the enemy. "To understand its value," said the Professor, "I should tell you that military balloon reconnoitring is done with captive balloons, which can go up about once in six days, according to the state of the winds. Now, you take a light balloon like mine, with a parachute, with a small car attached. The practised observer can take an automatic rifle camera up with him, and in three minutes can take as many photographic shots at the enemy as he wants. I am quite willing to demonstrate the practicability of the experiment."

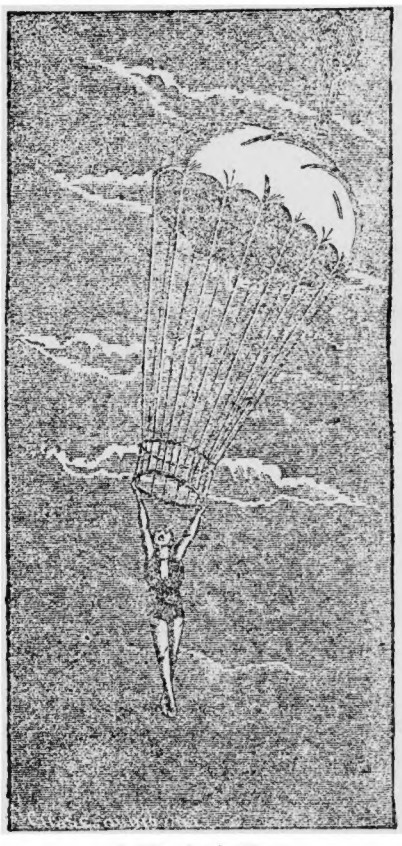
It was now time for Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Farini to go to the Palace, for the balloon wants as much tending as a delicate infant, so after complimenting Mrs. Baldwin on her remarkable nerves (she knows the ropes of the balloon as well as her husband does), and inspecting the Professor's collection of jewellery which he has won by his daring deeds, I said good morning.

SOME FAMOUS ASCENTS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

A LEAP OF FIVE THOUSAND FEET.

At present Mr. Baldwin limits his ascents to about a thousand feet, but he has made much more terrible flights. As one or two of these are famous we give here an account of a "jump" of 5,000 feet, which he made at Syracuse last year:—

The "City of Quincy" started at three o'clock. That is the name of the air ship in which Prof. T. S. Baldwin made his journey to the clouds, and from whose sides he cast loose upon the frail support of a parachute. The 20,000 people on the fair grounds had stood around for half an hour in a state of expectation mixed with a little doubt and mistrust. Professor Baldwin, dressed in white tights with dark blue trunks, seated himself in the basket and laughed and joked with a fellow aëronaut who has tried the parachute, and who assisted its inventor in making the start. Everything being in readiness at the hour announced, the moorings were speedily unfastened, and the first thing the crowd knew they instinctively opened their mouths and cried, "There she goes." No prettier ascent was ever seen. The balloon rose proudly and grandly, not too impetuously, as if confident of its magnificent powers. For the first three or four hundred feet the upward flight was nearly vertical, and from that point was eastward, being impelled in that direction by the breeze. The whistles of all the engines on the grounds blew salutes to the aëronauts, and put everybody in the whole city on the look-out. University-hill and other sightly places were thickly peopled, and on some house-tops were congregated whole families with field and opera glasses.



A NEARER VIEW.

JUST VISIBLE THROUGH A GLASS.

The sun struggled to force his way through the clouds in order to get a good look at the thing itself, but didn't succeed. Dull, slate-coloured cumuli were spread pretty evenly over the heavens, but fortunately the arc described by the balloon was as free from the obstructions as anywhere. The white folds of the parachute were distinctly visible gently flapping against the great round ball, which soon lost its sharp yellow cast and assumed a smoky shade. With a good glass the movements of the man in the basket were easily discernible. Just before the balloon reached a point over the university it appeared from the centre of the city to pass through a cloud, and was lost to view for nearly half a minute. When it shook itself free of the cloud it seemed steadily to ascend higher, while still maintaining its eastward course. Its speed also seemed to be accelerated, and it swept on its superb flight with a strength and grace that were matchless.

5,000 FEET UP.

Six minutes after he left the fair grounds Professor Baldwin was at an estimated altitude of 5,000 feet, and at a point a mile or so east of the university. Between him and the earth intervened a V-shaped cloud, which appeared to be only a few feet below him. At this point the white parachute was observed suddenly to detach itself from the balloon and shoot downward after a figure which looked to be as big as half a slate pencil. In another second both objects were lost in the cloud. Then the big balloon itself became invisible. People held their breath as they waited for the man and parachute to reappear. They waited what seemed to be a long time, and fears were soon

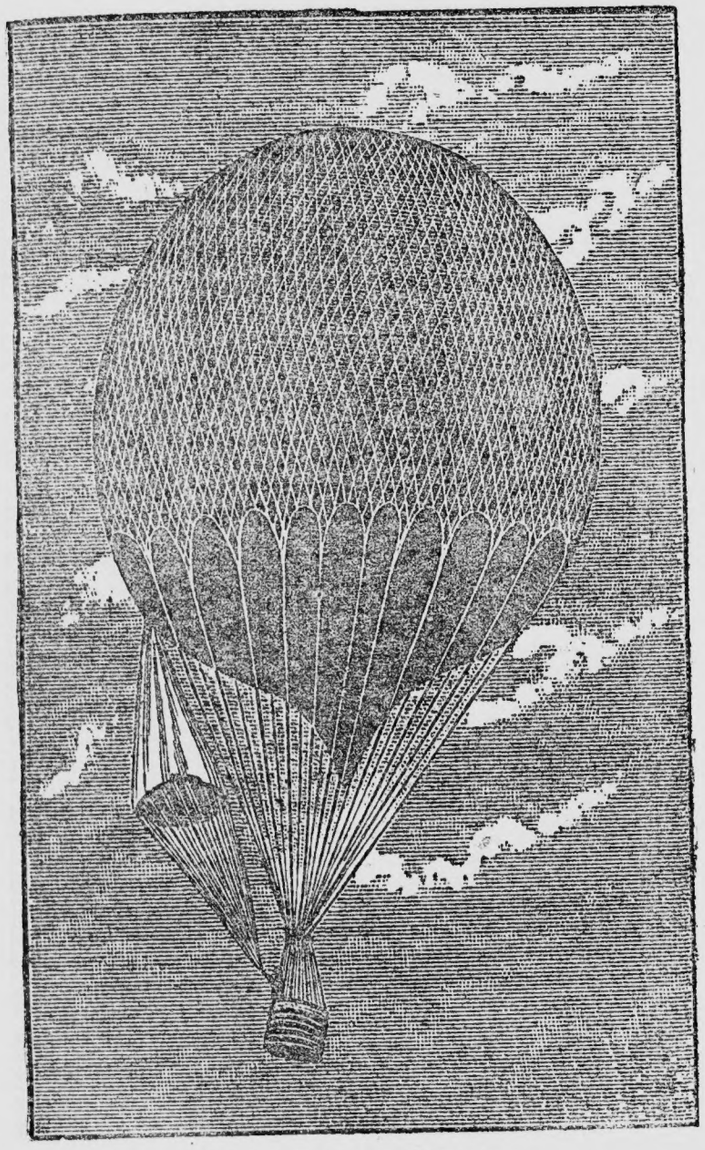
expressed that something had gone wrong, that the parachute had refused to inflate, or the man had lost his hold and was falling headlong to the ground.

HE FELL WITH A HORRIBLE VELOCITY.

Then, after a lapse of thirty or forty seconds, the little white canopy puffed out like an umbrella, with its long, slim pendulum, slid gracefully from the screen of vapour, and the spectators heaved a sigh of relief. To those who were equipped with good optical instruments, however, the journey through the cloud was not wholly invisible. The man fell the first seven seconds with a horrible and ghastly velocity that made the flesh creep. All this time the long white cone was transforming itself into the shape of an inverted bushel basket, and the moment its inflation was complete it suddenly checked the man's descent and seemed to jerk him back. From that point on the fall was retarded to a speed that seemed within normal bounds.

HORRIBLE TO LOOK AT.

But the sudden pull backward, while checking the momentum, seemed to set the pendulum in motion, and when the man emerged from the cloud his body was undergoing long, steady oscillations, which appeared momentarily to increase in length, if not in swiftness. Down he came, pulling the white cap after him, but his sweep through the air became frightful to look at. It did not seem possible that he could resist the momentum which his body necessarily acquired in its awful swinging back and



FIVE THOUSAND FEET UP.

forward and retain his hold on the iron ring. At times the pendulum described an arc of ninety degrees. The canopy above it took no part in these tremendous oscillations except when it manifested a little jerk, as if of surprise, at some extraordinarily big swing. The whole descended along a hypothenuse sloping toward the east. In about six or seven minutes from the moment when the leap was taken the parachute got so near the horizon that it was lost to view from the city.

"HERE'S A GOOD PLACE IN MY YARD."

The first sound that Professor Baldwin heard when he was near enough to the ground to hear anything was the vociferous yelling of a farmer: "Come over here and land! Here's a good spot in my yard!' Baldwin struck in a clover field on a farm in the town of De Witt, about three miles from the place of ascent. Being an old circus performer he knew how to handle himself, and instead of bracing to check his fall with his feet, as an inexperienced person would probably have done, he let go the ring when about six or eight feet up, touched the earth with his feet as lightly and nimbly as possible, and with lightning-like rapidity threw himself forwards and sideways so that he struck next on his right side and shoulder, and continuing turned half a dozen somersaults until the force of his descent was effectually broken. He picked himself up without a scratch or bruise.

"THE MOST TERRIBLE JUMP I EVER MADE."

"This is the highest and by long odds the most terrible jump I have made," said Professor Baldwin. "I went up about 5,000 feet. That was the altitude I had set upon, otherwise I should have come down nearer the fair grounds. The descent would be as easy and comfortable as walking were it not for my terrible oscillations, which seem to increase with every jump. To correct them I have constructed a different style of parachute at each of my five exhibitions by way of experiment, but somehow I don't succeed in attaining my object. It is not the wind that does it, for at Quincy the wind was decidedly stiffer while my oscillations were very much less than to-day. For this occasion I enlarged the diameter of the parachute from eighteen to twenty feet, altered its shape somewhat and lengthened the cords. From the top to the ring the space was twenty-five feet. Judging from my experience so far, I have come to the conclusion that the smaller the parachute can be made consistent with its purpose of holding up a man the less the man will vibrate. Certainly, I must correct this oscillation somehow, or it will drive me out of the business. The strain on my arms was terrible, and I feel the results of it yet, but otherwise I am all right.

"THE PARACHUTE COLLAPSED."

"I met only one current of wind, but a singular thing occurred. A puff of wind inflated the parachute, and I started to jump off then, so as to save any swift drop, but before I could get ready it had collapsed. I then sat on the edge of the basket attached to the balloon three or four minutes, waiting to see if it would not fill up again of its own accord, but it wouldn't. Then I pulled the rip cord, tearing a slit in the balloon about ten feet long, near the top. Then I grasped the rings of the parachute and leaped into space. My weight snapped the cord which attached the parachute to the balloon, and which was calculated to break with anything over 100 lb. I fell about 150 ft. like a stone, and then the parachute inflated and checked me. Being, as it were, a part of the air, I did not feel a breath of wind, although I knew it was blowing. I did not pass through the cloud, but came down by its side. I descended at the rate of fifteen to twenty miles an hour. The wind took me a long distance, and I must have landed a mile and a half from a vertical line drawn through the point at which I leaped.

"SEA SICK AS IF ON A BOAT."

"During the oscillation I felt as if I was on a boat tossed up and down by enormous waves. It made me feel sea sick. At no ascent have I seen a more beautiful landscape than that which was spread before me to-day. Of course an aëronaut can distinguish no hills or valleys. The surface of the earth seems perfectly level—rather concave than otherwise. It is like a green carpet, and the houses look like white spots as big as your finger nail.

THE FIRST DESCENT IN A PARACHUTE.

"Andrew Jacques Garnerin was the first person who successfully descended from a balloon in a parachute. On October 22, 1797, he made his first public experiment. He ascended from the Parc Monceau, at Paris, and when at a height of 6,000 feet he released the parachute. The balloon, relieved suddenly of so great a weight, rose very rapidly until it burst, while the parachute descended very fast, making violent oscillations all the way. Garnerin, however, reached the ground in safety. Garnerin made another descent after this, and was so badly injured that he was compelled to retire from the business.

THE DEATH OF COCKING.

"We now come to the fatal descent made by Robert Cocking, near London, July 24, 1837. Mr. Cocking's expanded parachute was attached to the great Nassau balloon, in which were two aëronauts. Mr. Cocking wished to descend from a height of 8,000 ft., but when the balloon reached the height of 5,000 ft., it being then nearly over Greenwich, the aëronaut called out to Mr. Cocking that he should be unable to ascend the requisite height if the parachute was to descend in daylight. Mr. Cocking accordingly liberated the parachute from the balloon. The parachute for a few seconds descended very rapidly, until suddenly the upper rim seemed to give way, and the whole apparatus collapsed, and the machine descended with great rapidity, oscillating very much. Mr. Cocking was found in a field at Lee, literally dashed to pieces. Since the day that Mr. Cocking lost his life—fifty years ago—the parachute idea has been practically abandoned until I revived it at San Francisco on January 30, 1887."

THE UNTAMED YANKEE BALLOON.

A WAR SCOUT'S BALLAD.

The following lines were addressed to the Professor on one occasion when the balloon failed to rise:—

I can sit on a broncho's hurricane deck
When he kicks as high as the moon,
But darn my skin if you'll get me in
To an untamed Yankee balloon,
That goes like a Winchester rifle shot
Up toward Heaven's back garden plot.

I have run some risks on the wild frontier,
When the Reds war about in the land,
But to jump in the air from away up thar
Would exhaust my supply of sand;
You bet I'd hang on to that old balloon
If she bumped her side against the moon.

Suppose that overgrown parasol
Should happen to make a kick
An' fail to do as he wanted it to,
He'd drop to earth too quick,
And would sink so deep that his friends, no doubt,
Would go to China to dig him out.

I'm kinder glad that the old balloon
Refused to straddle the cloud;
When he cut her away he meant to stay,
Tho' he landed to fill a shroud;
And soon or late, you hear me toot,
He'll break his neck from that parachute.

And if I'm around when the corpse comes back,
And is laid in the last low bed,
And the soft winds sigh a sweet lullaby
O'er the poor balloonist's head,
I hardly think it'll be amiss
To write him an epitaph just like this:

"Here lies the body of one who flew
Like a meteor up toward heaven's blue,
And then, with a reckless sort of grace,
Flew just as fast toward the other place.
Sometimes t'ward heaven, sometimes t'ward —well,
He changed so often 'tis hard to tell
Whether upon his final scoot
He works a balloon or a parachute."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WAVE-SOUND OF LIFE.

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—It is always pleasant to know that Mr. Lowell is amongst us again, and to read his kindly allusions to things English. Whether by our own fault or not, friends in these days are few and far to seek, and he is always among them. I am glad you quoted his sentences about the deep breath of sound which fills London. It may interest Mr. Lowell to know that the same thought once strongly impressed "L.E.L." I cannot quote the passage, but I think I remember the words, "It [the sound] haunts me like a passion." I dare say some of your readers could quote the short paragraph, which is full of tender meaning.—I am, very faithfully,

A. H.

Loch Awside, August 1.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

At Saturday's Cabinet Council "it was resolved," says the *Standard*, "to make a vigorous effort to bring the present sittings of Parliament to a close by the end of this week." It rests entirely with Ministers themselves whether this effort will be successful. All that is wanted is to reverse the ancient precept, and do nothing in August which can be put off to November. The Irish bills must be postponed; and in view of the uncompromising attitude taken by the Scotch members on Saturday, Mr. Smith will probably reflect that to give them no day at all would hardly exasperate them more than to give them a mere Wednesday. But if Scotch business is to be adequately discussed, and the Ashbourne Act Bill to be pressed, the idea of winding up the session this week—with the *Times* Relief Bill and the Lords' amendments to the Local Government Bill still on hand—is surely too foolish even for the Simple Old Man.

Mr. Parnell's reply to Mr. O'Shea about the alleged acceptance by the Irish party of Mr. Chamberlain's National Councils precisely agrees with the explanation given in these columns when the mare's nest was last discovered. That was at the beginning of 1887. Mr. Chamberlain, we then pointed out, had been duped by the ingenious Mr. O'Shea. Mr. Parnell, we said, "was not unwilling to breakfast off the National Council," but he had no intention whatever of making it his dinner. "To originate a scheme for dealing with an administrative question," we added, "is one thing; to accept that scheme as a final settlement of the question of an Irish Legislature is altogether another thing." Mr. Chamberlain's mistake lay—and lies—in confusing the two. If he has documentary proof of the contrary, he has only to accept Mr. Parnell's challenge and publish the letters forthwith.

The vacancy caused by Lord Claud Hamilton's resignation in the West Derby division of Liverpool does not give much opening for the Liberals. Last time the Tory majority was 1,360, and in 1885 it was 1,145. We ought, of course, to be able to go back to "as in 1885;" and if any good candidate can be found to go on the war-path to recover the 215 lost votes, so much the better. But the collapse of a contest the other day in the Walton division, which is by no means so hopelessly Tory as West Derby, does not look favourable.

The *Szwoboda* (Liberty), the official journal of the Bulgarian Coburger Government, is quite prepared to defy, if need should arise, the united forces of Russia and Germany. Ferdinand is to be kept upon his throne, "whatever threats may issue from St. Petersburg or Berlin." "The Russians," it writes, "greatly deceive themselves if they suppose that the abdication of Prince Ferdinand depends upon the will of one, or of any, of the European Powers. Russia, or any other State, may of course do what it pleases in the matter; but they must recollect that our Prince was raised to the throne, and is upheld on the throne, by the will of the Bulgarian nation. The Bulgarian nation is resolved not to bring a heap of fresh troubles upon itself in order to be agreeable to the Government of St. Petersburg. Bulgaria has her Prince, and she will keep him so long as he knows how to retain the love of his people." These be brave words. But their ring of pride and decision originates from the delusion that there is sufficient strength in Austria-Hungary, aided by the most conjectural of alliances, to prop up the Coburger.

It is not often that a German writer, on giving his impressions of France and the French, is capable of looking at the subjects of his study except through either rose or smoke coloured spectacles. It is therefore the more satisfactory to find that Herr G. König, a well-known German writer, and editor of *Unsere Zeit*, gives its due to the French nation on a point on which Germans as a rule try to imagine that they are incomparably superior. He says: "Although the French may lack more than one element necessary to attain national greatness, and although they have not at present the self-confidence which at first sight one is tempted to attribute to them, it is nevertheless easy to predict that their natural gifts and innate qualities will produce, after a few generations, a complete transformation in their collective life. From this will result such constitutional changes that France will once again occupy the first rank among the nations; Varnhagen von Ense's words will once again come true, 'A Europe without France would be an impossibility.'"

"What does this mean? Whose work is this?" These words were declaimed by the hero of "The Still Alarm" on Friday as, kneeling, he held the fair form of Miss Mary Rorke in his arms, and the curtain slowly descended upon Act I. Up to that time the audience were as mystified as he. Subsequently light dawned upon them, however, and they saw that "The Still Alarm" was a very old fashioned drama indeed—a play crudely constructed out of materials as old as pre Adamite man. "There is no need to treat this matter in a dramatic fashion." So the villain says early in the play; and we feel bound to admit that the author has not at any time realized the necessity. If the play succeeds—and we do not doubt that it will have a long run—its success will be due entirely to the fire-engine business in the third act. It is long since anything so realistic and so admirably staged has been seen in London. Real horses and a real fire-engine are introduced on the stage, where the firemen sleep peacefully, until in the dead of the night comes the "still alarm." A few seconds—in the excitement of the moment one loses all count of time—and the horses are harnessed, the engine is drawn across the stage, and the men rush off with it to the fire. People who like a really smart thing should not fail to look in at the Princess's some evening at half-past nine and see the third act. The piece, produced under the direction of Mr. Harry Lacy, was very fairly acted on the whole, and was remarkably well received.

Religion has often enough been worn as a cloak; and Sydney Smith once called attention—when his church suddenly filled during a passing shower—to its use as an umbrella. But it has been reserved to the natives of Hoonan to convert the Gospel into a covering for the feet, instead of for the head or the heart. Missionary work in Hoonan, says Monsignor Samprini as reported by a *Times* correspondent at Vienna, "is not very successful. The Bibles distributed among the people are turned by them into slippers, and among the adults scarcely any real conversions take place." But why should the excellent Monsignor despair? The Gospel should do more than provide slippers, certainly; but it often does less. Christianity will not have fulfilled its mission till it has given not shoes only, but decent raiment generally, to the world's *sans-culottes*.

The translation of Bishop Stubbs to the see of Oxford is a decidedly happy thought of Lord Salisbury's. As Canon Liddon persists in his "nolo episcopari" there is no one who could make a more appropriate Bishop of Oxford than the late Regius Professor of History. Fu who will go to Chester? Lord Salisbury might do worse than send Bishop Barry, who is not very anxious to return to Sydney.

Lace-making by hand, as well as by machinery, is an industry to which a good deal of attention is being paid abroad, as Nottingham manufacturers know to their cost. Our present reference, however, is to hand-made lace only. The Venetian lace at the Italian Exhibition is greatly admired, and some care is exercised in the production of it. Venice has now a School of Lace-making, and a permanent exhibition of old and new lace is now united with it. The Queen of Italy is one of the patrons, and the Italian Government gives it an annual subsidy. Maltese and Irish point are made at Nazareth, in the Tinnevelly district, South India, and can be obtained at a price far below English lace. It is suggested that the Indian Government might render special assistance to lace-making, and so provide domestic employment for Hindoo women. No one who has seen the Irish lace at the Exhibition, moreover, can doubt that there is a newer and better future for it, if the necessary steps are but taken to promote art-training and to extend lace-making as a cottage industry.

"The Dean of Westminster," writes a correspondent, "should have his attention called to the rules observed or invented by his vergers. A member of the congregation yesterday (last Sunday) had put his foot outside the west door but tried to re-enter to hear the end of the organ voluntary, when the verger opposed his progress. 'What,' said the astonished worshipper, 'turned out?' 'No,' says the verger, 'but not allowed to come in.' The point is a simple one. Is there any by-law forbidding people to enter the Abbey during the closing voluntary, or did the verger exceed the duties of his office? The Westminster vergers are famous for Bumbledom airs above other vergers. Dean Stanley used to tell a capital story about one of them, which ran as follows:—A gentleman visiting the Abbey one week-day noticed some one enter and kneel down in one of the pews, as is common in all foreign churches, upon which the verger went up, tapped the worshipper on the shoulder, who rose and retired in disgust. Presently the same thing happened again, when the spectator had the curiosity to ask the verger for an explanation of his singular conduct. 'Lor' bless you, sir, he was a sayin' his prayers; if we once allowed 'em to do that, we should have them praying all over the place!"

Maestro Verdi has lately arrived at Montecatini, where he intends taking the waters, and with them a well earned holiday. When arriving at the hotel where a suite of rooms had been prepared for him, he found that the chief piece of furniture in his drawing-room was a splendid piano. Without saying a word, the composer took the music of his "Trovatore," which had been put on the music-stand as a gentle ovation, locked the piano, and said to the son of the hotel-keeper, "Take me to the place whence I can see the deepest abyss." The young man, somewhat abashed

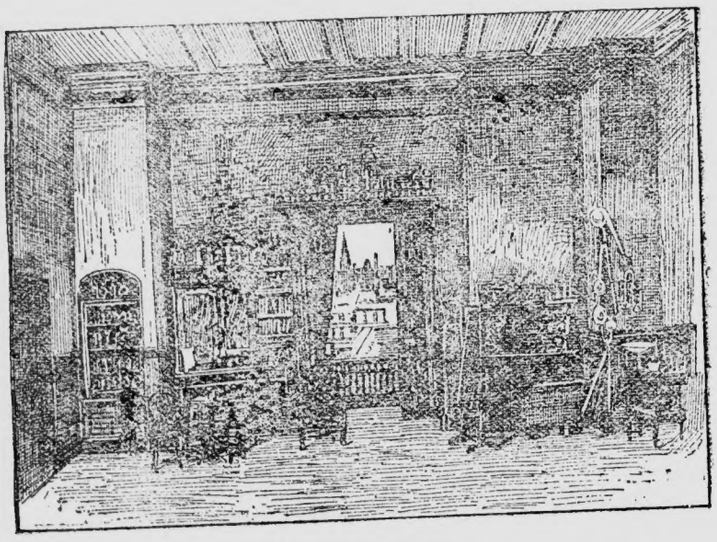
at the proposal, made in solemn tones, led Verdi to the top of the Marienberg, whence the latter, who was so tired that he was hardly able to stand, hurled the key into the depths, saying: "The Virgin be praised! now I have accomplished an act which will greatly help me to enjoy, and benefit by, my stay. On the day of my departure from here I will see that the key is replaced." Holiday-seekers, go and do likewise, leaving behind you the keys of whatever workshops ye come from.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

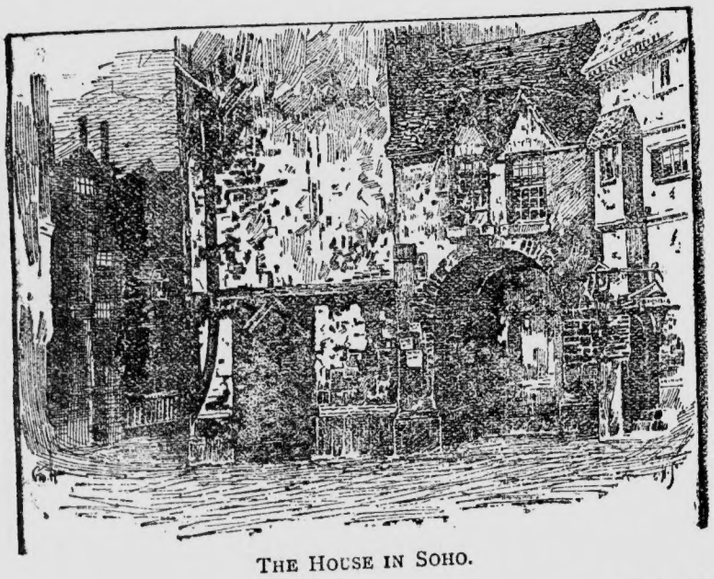
On Saturday night Mr. Mansfield's version of Mr. Stevenson's story was produced at the Lyceum. To-morrow we shall give some account of the play and of Mr. Mansfield's remarkable dual impersonation, contenting ourselves to-day by presenting these sketches of the two chief scenes in the play, one representing the grim street in Soho in which Hyde's lodgings are situated, and the other Jekyll's laboratory where the final catastrophe takes place. Mr. Mansfield himself, we believe, considers the strongest situation in the play is the moment when, as Hyde, he springs upon the woman. This is the time when the famous fainting lady is said to make her appearance, but we saw nothing of her on Saturday. The last act Mr. Mansfield has almost entirely to himself. We may add that Mr. Mansfield makes the transformation from Hyde to Jekyll without any adventitious aid, which he considers to be mere clowning, and certainly not artistic in its effect.

MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD.

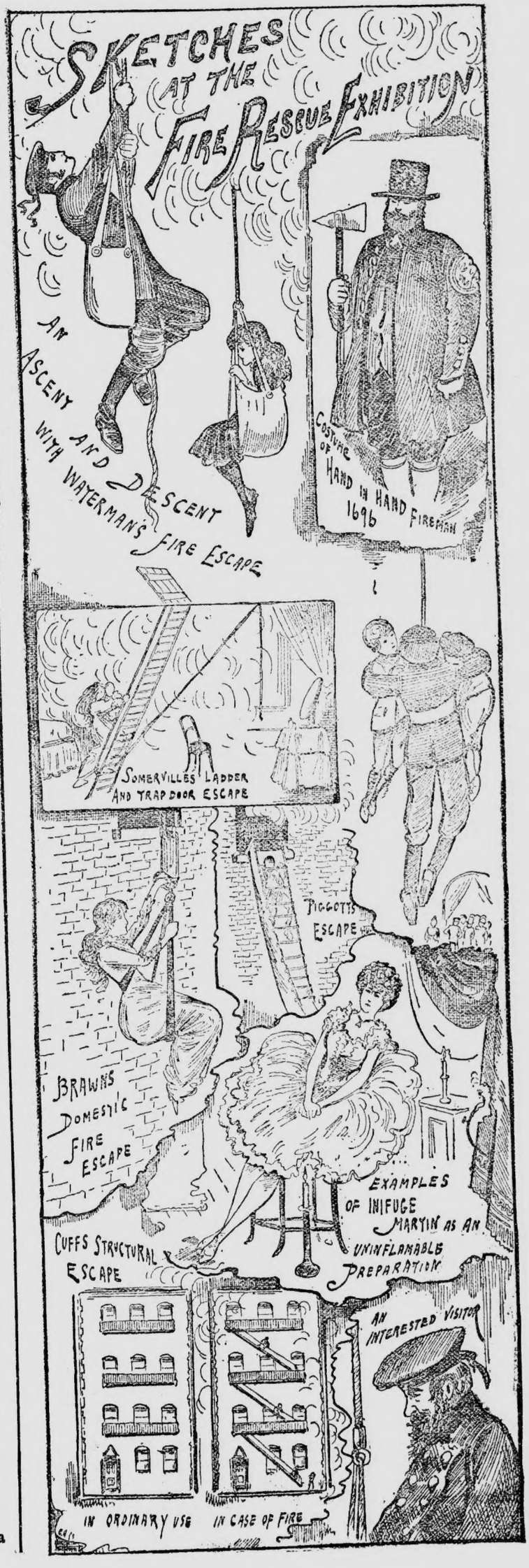
So Mr. Mansfield does it by change of the features, disarrangement of the hair, and collapse of the figure—all in sight of the audience. A love interest has been introduced into the piece, Mr. Stevenson's sketch of the housekeeper has been filled out, and Poole, the man-servant has been assigned a more important space in the action.



MR. HYDE'S ROOM.



THE HOUSE IN SOHO.


SKETCHES AT THE FIRE RESCUE EXHIBITION
AN ASCENT AND DESCENT WITH WATERMAN'S FIRE ESCAPE
COSTUME OF HAND IN HAND FIREMAN 1696
SOMERVILLES LADDER AND TRAP DOOR ESCAPE
PIGGOTTS ESCAPE
BRAWNS DOMESTIC FIRE ESCAPE
EXAMPLES OF INFUGE MARTIN AS AN UNINFLAMABLE PREPARATION
CUFFS STRUCTURAL ESCAPE
AN INTERESTED VISITOR
IN ORDINARY USE
IN CASE OF FIRE

THE LATE MR. LORENZ HERKOMER.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following account of Mr. Lorenz Herkomer, whose death was recently announced :—

A remarkable man in many ways was Mr. Lorenz Herkomer, the father of the Slade Professor. His features and personality are almost as well known to the world as those of his more famous son, and yet he was practically a recluse at Dyrcham, never appearing in society and seldom happy away from his bench, where he produced so much of his splendid wood-carving. It has already been mentioned that for some years he has been exclusively engaged on carrying out the fine examples of Gothic woodwork, made after the designs of Professor Herkomer, and destined for the enrichment of the new Dyreham, which is shortly to be one of the lions of Bushey. To see him, as I have seen him, at work in his large, airy workshop, elbow to elbow with his brother—both of them with snowy heads and beards—in quiet, peaceful contentment, asking nothing better than to be allowed to prosecute his beloved art, and applying each chisel-stroke with the same conscientiousness and enthusiasm that the artist places his touch of colour, was full not only of interest, but of pathos; the sight challenged the respect, and even extorted the admiration, of the beholder.

"My father," once wrote Professor Herkomer (whose filial devotion is a matter of delightful notoriety), "is a splendid example of the past age that honoured apprenticeship." He was bound 'prentice at the age of fourteen and had to perform all the menial offices demanded of such lads in Austria. He had to learn his trade of wood-carving by watching, not by being taught, and it was his inborn ability and talent that enabled him to win the silver medal offered by the Munich examiners for designs for the carver, and awarded by the mayor in the old town hall. To enable him to do this his master gave him the paper, ink, and materials, which he was too poor to buy. "I have those drawings now," continues his son; "they are masterly in their beautiful precision and delicacy of touch. . . . He then worked his way up to be journeyman workman, and then travelled on foot, with a knapsack on his back, to Amsterdam, Brussels, and Paris, learning all the different methods of each city and country, when he made his 'master-piece,' and was pronounced an extra good master of his craft." He then settled in his native village, building his own house, but he at last decided, after the birth of his son Hubert, to emigrate to America. This was in 1851; and six years afterwards, driven away by the climate, the little family journeyed forth once more and came to England. Here, however, art was at its lowest ebb, and the demand for carving was practically nil, though the price of the wood was only obtained by the careful eking out of the thirty shillings a week, which was the combined income from the father's work and the mother's music-teaching. Still, thrift and self-control, a pure life, a contented spirit, and a strong sense of dignity, came powerfully to his aid. He applied himself to teaching his son to become a skilled craftsman; and so apt a pupil did the latter show himself that, like Mr. Seymour Lucas, wood-carving was to him the portal through which he reached the domain of the Fine Arts. And so it came to pass that the son was soon able to add to the family store, and, in course of time, to conquer recognition in the world of Art for his relatives and himself. Dyreham in course of time became the birthplace of some of the finest examples of wood-carving ever produced in this country—that is to say, of wood-carving in its highest development, where it almost leaves the realm of applied art and impinges on that of fine art. Few more beautiful specimens can be seen than that in the cabinet writing-table in the Professor's drawing-room, with its sculptured heads—good likenesses of members of the Herkomer family—and figures emblematic of the artist's life.

The portraits of his father by Mr. Hubert Herkomer are still fresh in the public memory; that of a few years ago representing the aged craftsman, aproned, chisel in hand, and looking up from his work at his bench, and that, now hanging in the New Gallery, which fittingly shows him resting in the garden after his labour, attended by his grandchildren. The former picture in particular represents the man, who, glorying in the labour of his hands, received a reflected dignity from his work, and who in the simplicity and honesty of his nature presents a figure too seldom seen by the present generation in this country.

THE MIDDLE AGES AT AACHEN IN 1888.

It is hardly credible that less than a day's journey from London scenes should have been enacted in this year of grace 1888 such as the old town of Aachen has witnessed during the last fortnight. Four "great sacred relics" and thirty lesser ones were exhibited at the Minster, and sixty more were shown at the various other churches. To these have crowded, from far and near, the pious country folk, not in thousands, but in hundreds of thousands, they have come, and on one single day no less than 50,000 pilgrims knelt before the "Heiligthümer," waiting to be dismissed by the blessing of the officiating priest, which took the form of a waft with the cloth which Christ wore round his loins when he was laid into the grave. There was a time, five centuries ago, when the multitudes streamed to Aachen for this same purpose from France and from Austria, from the Netherlands and from the shores of the Baltic, from Bavaria, Hungary, and all the countries of the Slavs, but in 1776 the Austrian Emperor Joseph II. stopped his subjects from undertaking the famous pilgrimage; the French Revolution did yet more to diminish the number of worshippers, and the festivities had almost become merely local, when the sudden revival of Roman Catholicism, which is at present noticeable, and every Catholic district in Germany has once more brought the relics into marvellous prominence. What would old Beck, the faithful chronicler of the town of Aachen in the fifteenth century, say could he but know that more than four centuries after he recorded the fact of the magistrate having to close all the town gates in order to preserve the inhabitants and pilgrims from being crushed to death by the endless crowd pressing into the town, the scenes which he describes with such exultation were repeated centuries after his bones have crumbled to dust!

At Home and Abroad.

A fire occurred yesterday afternoon at Goring Hall, near Worthing, the seat of Major I[illegible]n, resulting in the destruction of the mansion.

The report of Dinizulu's surrender proves to have been unfounded, and his whereabouts is again uncertain. It is thought, however, that he may have fled northwards, into the Transvaal territory.

The Aix Court of Appeal on Saturday reduced the sentence passed on the Comte de Villeneuve for selling poisoned wines at the Hyères from twenty days to forty-eight hours' imprisonment.

The Duchess of Albany opened the Exhibition of Paintings at the People's Palace, on Saturday, awarded medals to the successful competitors in the gymnasium, and inaugurated an autumn fête.

A shock of earthquake was felt in Kilsyth, twelve miles from Glasgow, on Saturday morning. It lasted only a few seconds, and appears to have travelled from north to south.

Charles Mitchell, the pugilist, was charged at Chichester on Saturday with disturbing the public peace, in connection with a prize fight. The case was adjourned for a week.

On Saturday evening the Elcho Challenge Shield, won by the Irish Eight at the late Wimbledon meeting, was handed over at Olympia to the executive of the Irish Exhibition, as its custodians, preliminary to its transfer to Dublin.

At a meeting of Northumberland miners, held at Prudhoe, on Saturday, and addressed by Mr. Fenwick, M.P., Dr. Fox, M.P., and Mr. Burt, M.P., a resolution was passed unanimously condemning the policy of the Government in Ireland and calling for the liberation of Mr. Dillon.

During the fog and darkness of Friday night, several of the vessels under Admiral Tryon at Berehaven, and those under Admiral Fitzroy at Lough Swilly, succeeded in running the blockade. Successful attacks were made upon Oban and Greenock.

At Cambridge University on Saturday, F. W. Maitland, M.A., of Trinity College, was elected into the Downing Professorship of the Laws of England, lately vacant by the death of Dr. Birkbeck. Mr. Maitland graduated in the first-class of the Law Tripos in 1873.

General Sir James Brind, R.A., G.C.B., died on Friday, after a short illness, aged eighty years. He had seen considerable active service in India. His name was repeatedly favourably mentioned in despatches. The late General had beenmarried five times—first in 1833 and last in 1873.

Lord Claud John Hamilton, who has hitherto represented the West Derby division of Liverpool, has placed his resignation of the seat in the hands of the local Conservatives, and at a meeting of that body on Saturday the name of Sir James Poole, ex-Mayor of Liverpool, was mentioned as a probable candidate.

Mr. Octavius Morgan, uncle of the present Lord Tredegar, died at his residence in Newport yesterday morning, aged eighty-five years. Deceased, who represented Monmouthshire in the Conservative interest from 1841 to 1874, was a well-known antiquarian authority.

At Woolwich police-court on Saturday several tenants were summoned for rates which their landlord refused to pay, though the landlord had covenanted to pay them. Mr. Hannay said they might pay the rates and deduct the amount from the rent. He adjourned the cases for a fortnight.

Six young men hired a pleasure boat at Ipswich yesterday for a sail down the Orwell, and when about a mile out one of the number, in trying to recover his hat, which had blown overboard, capsized the boat. The whole of the party were left struggling in the water, and one of them was drowned.

M. Bérond, a gentleman living at Montreuil, finding that the neighbourhood of that pretty suburb had been repeatedly visited by burglars, resolved to have his premises guarded by an automatic battery of firearms. A thief in the neighbourhood found this out to his cost early yesterday morning, for on endeavouring to effect an entry he was shot dead. The man's body was riddled with bullets.

Three young men, visitors from London, were yesterday afternoon bathing in the sea at Brighton. A short time after they entered the water two returned to the machines and stated that their companion, George Howard, who is about twenty years of age, had disappeared. Half an hour afterwards the body was recovered.

A warrant was put into the hands of the Crewe police on Saturday for the arrest of William Allen, borough auditor for Crewe and secretary of a Starr Bowkett Bulding Society. It is alleged that for some time Allen has been appropriating moneys belonging to the society, and altering the books to cover his delinquencies.

Lord Douglas Gordon, younger brother of the Marquis of Huntly, who became suddenly ill a few weeks ago, died on Saturday night, at his residence, 50, Piccadilly, the cause of death being aneurism of the heart. His lordship, who represented West Aberdeenshire in Parliament from 1876-80, and Huntingdonshire from 1880-85, was a member of the Turf Club.

The twelfth annual meeting of the Church of England Working Men's Society was held on Saturday at the Cannon-street Hotel. The report read by the general secretary showed that there were 9,500 persons in connection with the society, but that the finances were in an unsatisfactory condition. A resolution was passed expressing sympathy with the Bishop of Lincoln in the recent attack on him.

Mr. Walter Griffith Lloyd, a cloth agent of Manchester, and lately a member of the 6th Lancashire Rifle Volunteers, brought an action at the Liverpool Assizes on Saturday against the commanding officer of the corps, Colonel Bridgford, to recover damages for wrongful dismissal and libel in the regimental orders. The defence was that the colonel had acted within his rights, and the plaintiff, who had been nearly twenty years in the corps, was non-suited.

John Jennings, Frederick Lowe, and Charles Walker, labourers, of Rainham, were charged at the Stratford petty sessions on Saturday with being drunk and incapable. It was said that the floods of last week washed away scores of barrels of beer from Messrs. Ind, Coope, and Co.'s brewery, and they were carried down the River Rom. The prisoners and a large number of other labourers stopped many of the casks in their flight, knocked out the bungs, and drank of the beer until they were intoxicated.

Mr. James Lowther, M.P., addressing a meeting of the Teesdale Habitation of the Primrose League, held in Streatlam Castle Park, said that the present Government had announced on taking office that they intended to carry out the law, and they had shown that they were not to be intimidated. He believed that if the Government followed out its policy it would break down the sedition-mongering faction opposing them, and restore law, order, and confidence in Ireland.

THE TERRIBLE FIRE IN NEW YORK.

TWENTY LIVES LOST.

Further particulars of the terrible fire in New York are now to hand. It broke out on Friday afternoon in a tenement house standing at the back of the Bowery, and wedged in among the surrounding buildings. The only entrance was by a small alley. One hundred and fifty persons lived in the building, chiefly poor Polish Jews employed in making clothing. The flames started on the lower floor, and swept up the hoist, which it destroyed, as well as the adjoining stairway. Seeing their way of escape cut off, the people in the house became panic-stricken, and the scenes which ensued sickened even the hardened firemen, who, unable to use their apparatus, could only shout directions to the delirious men, women, and children who clustered at every window and over-crowded the fire-escapes. The firemen called in vain; probably many of the foreigners did not understand what was said to them, as their cries were not understood by the people in the yard. Some who reached the ground in safety madly returned to the burning premises to save their goods. These met the outcoming throng, and a dreadful struggle followed in the passage way, which became instantly and fatally blocked.

As the flames drove the wretched creatures up to the higher floors, some of them jumped from the top stories, when, but for their thoughtlessness in their fright, they might have reached the ground safely from the lower floors. Others leaped to the windows of the adjoining building, the iron fire shutters of which had been closed to protect it from the flames. The extent of the calamity is not yet fully known, but twenty corpses have been found, and as many people lie injured in the hospitals. Many more are supposed to be missing.

THE THIBETANS PREPARING FOR ACTIVE HOSTILITIES.

EXPECTED ATTEMPT TO "RUSH" THE BRITISH POSITIONS.

The Thibetan leaders, having collected some 8,000 men, are now actively engaged in threatening our communications. A considerable number of the enemy have collected at Yeuconten, halfway between Sebula and Nathula. Their number is estimated at 1,000, and they have a large number of tents. They are therefore in a position to threaten our post at Pakyong and to command the road to Gantok.

The troops belonging to the expeditionary force have been ordered out from Darjeeling. Four guns, with a half company of the Sherwood Foresters (Derbyshire Regiment), have been sent to Gnatong, and two guns and one company remain at Pedong. Five hundred Goorkhas are under orders to reinforce the troops with Colonel Graham, and will reach him about the 12th instant.

It is believed that the Thibetans intend to make an attempt to occupy Enchi, the present residence of the Sikkim Rajah. The Thibetans on the hither side of the Jalapla Pass are exhibiting increased activity. Their tents are being pushed forward, and fortifications are being erected within two and a half miles of Gnatong, the enemy's intention apparently being to attack the two places simultaneously. They have constructed in the Kupup Valley, at the entrance to the Pemberingo Gorge, a square fort in imitation of our recently erected block houses. In all probability a vigorous attempt will be made by a night attack to rush our positions before the arrival of reinforcements.

THE BATTENBERG MARRIAGE STORY.

The *North German Gazette* publishes the following official denial of the authenticity of the document printed by Madame Adam in the *Nouvelle Revue*, and stated to have been sent by Prince Bismarck to the late Emperor Frederick: "We are authorized to state that the pretended report of the Imperial Chancellor to his Majesty the Emperor Frederick III., published in the *Nouvelle Revue* is a forged compilation, and rests upon no official basis whatever."

It seems to be generally believed, however, even by the directors of semi-official organs, that the forger of the document in question must either have had access to the original report made by the Chancellor to Frederick III. or have been informed of its contents.

DISASTROUS FLOODS ON THE CONTINENT.

Telegrams received at Berlin from the provinces announce that extensive inundations, due to heavy and continued rainfalls in July and in the present month, are causing terrible destruction in various parts of Germany. In the Görlitz and Bromberg districts railway traffic has been interrupted, while in the neighbourhood of Königsberg the wheat crops have been entirely spoiled, and this has been partially the case near Elbing and Sagan. A great loss of cattle is reported. In many places houses, mills, and bridges have been totally demolished. Happily, no loss of life appears to have been caused, and at certain points the floods were yesterday beginning to subside, but the distress which must follow upon these deplorable catastrophes is certain to be very great.

A Vienna telegram says:—The incessant rains and repeated hailstorms of the last few days have caused a wholesale destruction of crops in various parts of the Empire. At Reichenberg, in Northern Bohemia, the streets are flooded, and the factories in the neighbourhood are completely isolated. At Friedland the water rose several metres in one hour. Railway and telegraphic communication is broken off, and the loss of eight lives is reported. In Upper Austria waterspouts have caused incalculable misery, and many a settlement on the Upper Danube is under water.

Inundations, caused by the recent heavy rainfall, are also reported from Western Russia, particularly the Vistula districts and the country round Minsk.

INAUGURATING A STATUE OF MIRABEAU.

President Carnot presided yesterday at the inauguration of the statue of Mirabeau, erected at Montargis. It rained in torrents till close on two o'clock, the hour fixed for the ceremony, but this did not seem to damp the ardour of the public that assembled in large crowds, estimated at thirty thousand. When the President arrived there was a break in the clouds, and the sun shone out brightly. Several speeches were made, and that of M. Deluns Montaud, Minister of Public Works, was loudly applauded. He sketched the life of Mirabeau, and did homage to Gambetta by saying that he alone was worthy to speak in presence of the statue of the great orator of the First Revolution, for to the Republicans of the present day Mirabeau was an Opportunist.

The popularity of FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA is rapidly increasing, and where once tried its delicious flavour and agreeable qualities secure for it a permanent place in the household dietary. Highly recommended, by many eminent physicians, for young children and delicate persons to whom tea is injurious. Ask your Grocer for a sample and book of Testimonials.

HOW DR. RIDLEY SAVED MR. LANE, M.P.,

AND "GOT A TERRIBLE REPRIMAND FROM DUBLIN."

Mr. W. J. Lane, M.P., has handed to the press the following copy of a letter which he addressed to Mr. Coroner Rice, who is now holding an investigation into the causes of Dr. Ridley's suicide at Fermoy. Mr. Lane asked the coroner to read the letter to the jury, but this he refused to, do upon technical grounds. In justice to the late Dr. Ridley, to whom he was deeply indebted, Mr. Lane wishes the letter published:—

Cork, 2nd August, 1888.

Sir,—I see that Mr. Ridley, J.P., states on his oath that the Prisons Board never interfered with his son, the late Dr. Ridley, in the treatment of prisoners. I can give this statement the most positive contradiction.

"IF YOU DON'T, THEY WILL STARVE YOU TO DEATH HERE!"

During the time I was confined in the Tullamore prison I got no exercise, as I would not comply with any of the degrading rules for ordinary criminals. Day by day my strength left me owing to the confinement and want of food. When I was not on bread and water I was offered two disgusting compounds called "shin soup" and "suet pudding," neither of which I could swallow, although I was starving at the time. I was very ill, but I would not admit it, as I wanted to force my right to private exercise as a political prisoner. Dr. Ridley begged of me several times to go into hospital—"because," said he, "if you don't they will starve you to death here." It is not in the power of the Prisons Board to injure him now, and as the Government are trying to shield themselves by traducing his memory I have now hesitation in telling your jury what I told many friends after I came out of prison.

DR. RIDLEY BROUGHT ROAST FOWL, AND DEFIED THE PRISONS BOARD.

When Dr. Ridley saw me sinking so rapidly he said he could not give exercise, but he would give me food. On the following day he brought me some roast fowl, and on Friday he brought me three poached eggs, "to keep the life in you," as he said himself. Finally, when I became so prostrate I could not rise off the flags, he said, "I must either defy the Prisons Board, or have an inquest on you, and, as I don't want a verdict brought against me for killing you, I will give you exercise in spite of them." He then left my cell, and in about half an hour the governor came in, accompanied by Mr. Alcock, J.P., of Cork, and informed me that Dr. Ridley had ordered me exercise by myself for two hours daily. I went out twice that day and on the following forenoon. Not being able to walk I was given a stool in the yard. In the forenoon of the second day Dr. Ridley came into my cell in a most excited state. He said he had "got a terrible reprimand from Dublin" for allowing me out to exercise, that he "had orders to certify me as fit for punishment." That the resident magistrate was to be brought in and that I was to be put in the punishment dungeon, which would certainly kill me in the condition I was then in, and he asked me to go into hospital "as the only way to escape them." He gave me ten minutes to think it over, and went to Alderman Hooper's cell. When he returned he said he had told Alderman Hooper the whole story, and that the latter strongly urged me to conform to his (Dr. Ridley's) wishes. He brought me a password from Alderman Hooper to convince me that he had sent the message. I then consented to go into hospital, and Dr. Ridley said he would sleep easily that night, which he had not done for a week, on account of my dangerous condition.

"I BELIEVE I OWE MY LIFE TO DR. RIDLEY."

When I was leaving the prison I asked him how I could repay all his kindness. He said I could do so "by letting the public know he was not the inhuman wretch the prison rules made him appear," but he warned me not to say a word that would let the Prisons Board know he was kind to any of us political prisoners. I did my best to carry out his wishes in the speech I made at Tullamore. I was sorry I could not do more, as I believe I owe my life to the way he protected me from punishment all the time I was there. He told me he was in perpetual conflict with the Prisons Board about the political prisoners since he refused to be present at the forcible stripping of Mr. O'Brien, which he reported would imperil his life. This is one chapter of the Prisons Board's "non-interference" with Dr. Ridley in the discharge of his duty. All the above I can prove on oath, if necessary, and Alderman Hooper can verify the most important part of it. Dr. Ridley was a most sensitive man, and as kindhearted as he was sensitive. He was disgusted with the brutal discipline he had to administer, and I have not a doubt on my mind that the unfortunate gentleman committed self-destruction rather than face the ordeal of admitting that he had allowed himself to be bullied by Dr. Barrand the Prisons Board into punishing John Mandeville so severely. My mouth was practically sealed during his lifetime, but it is only due to his memory to protect it from the odium which his late paymasters and taskmasters seek to cast upon it by the evidence they are producing. Kindly read this letter for the jury who are inquiring into the cause of his death.—Yours truly, WM. J. LANE.

THE POWERS AND BULGARIA.

According to the Constantinople correspondent of the *Times*, the Porte has received information from its representative in Berlin that negotiations will shortly begin between Germany, Austria, and Italy on the Bulgarian difficulty; and the Ambassador adds that the coming interview between M. de Giers and Prince Bismarck will lead to the meeting of a Congress at Berlin, exclusively confined to the discussion of the Bulgarian question, no other matter connected with the Eastern question being introduced in the programme. On the other hand, the representative of the Porte at Vienna intimates that Austria is not adverse to Germany's advice respecting certain modifications of the condition of things in Bulgaria, and that an agreement upon the subject will follow the meeting of the Emperors of Germany and Austria, which is to be held at an early date.

PROFESSOR BALDWIN'S AERIAL FLIGHTS.

On Saturday, for the third time at Muswell-hill, Mr. Baldwin descended from a balloon by means of his parachute. At the time announced for the ascent a strong south-westerly wind was blowing, and for some time it was feared that the exhibition would have to be entirely abandoned. Half an hour later, however, the wind somewhat abated, and Mr. Baldwin decided upon making the ascent rather than disappoint the large number of people assembled to witness the performance. The balloon went to a great height, and it was some time before Mr. Baldwin let himself go. After falling in a straight line some two hundred feet, the parachute expanded and sailed away with its occupant towards Wood Green. He alighted in perfect safety on a piece of waste ground close to the Wesleyan Chapel, Wood Green. M. Farini, Mr. Baldwin's manager, subsequently stated that the aëronaut had attained an altitude of more than 3,000 ft. It was not his intention to go so high, but the rip cord had slipped its position and Mr. Baldwin could not open the valve of the balloon to allow the gas to escape, consequently he had to abandon the balloon to its fate in the same way as he did the previous Saturday.

SPECIAL EDITION.

DEATH OF GENERAL SHERIDAN.

A Reuter's telegram from New York this morning says that General Sheridan died at his country residence at Nonquit, Massachusetts, at ten o'clock last night.

An Irish Peasant Boy.

The most brilliant Irishman that America has ever known, the gallant Phil Sheridan, is now numbered amongst the dead. He was "the hero of the war," and he lived in the affections of the American people until the last hour of his life. There has always existed some confusion, for which the General was in large degree responsible, as to Sheridan's birthplace, but there is little doubt that he was born in the States in 1831, shortly after the arrival of his father and mother from Ireland. His parents were poor, industrious people, driven out of Ireland, like many thousands before and since, by the curse of "landlordism," and they went over in the same sailing ship as the parents of President Arthur. His people, of course, were not able to do much for him in the way of education, and at a very early age he was earning his own living in Zanesville in Ohio by driving a watercart. Attracting the attention of a local Congressman with whom his elder brother had some influence, however, he was, in 1848, appointed to a West Point cadetship, after hard night-study to fit him for the examination, and he became a dashing soldier. In the early stages of his army career, he was engaged in protecting the pioneers of the West from the raids of the Indians, and his success as a hard fighter and organizer quickly brought him important commands in succession.

"Sheridan is Leading!"

Early in the Civil War he was placed in charge of a cavalry brigade, and by a bold manœuvre which broke the charm which had hitherto hung around the Southern cavalry he riveted all eyes upon him. We cannot retail the many daring and desperate adventures which the great cavalry captain afterwards undertook: the fame of "Sheridan's boys" ran through the entire land; "both sides listened to their tramp with breathlessness, for they knew that Sheridan's soldiers would either hew their way or be hewn themselves every time the trumpet sounded the march." Here is an account of the battle of Missionary Ridge: "The men of Sheridan had been kept in suspense at the hill sides for thirty-six consecutive hours, waiting the signal. At length Grant's cannon boomed. How quickly Sheridan's troops spring forward. They wait not for the second flash, but dash up the steep mountain sides. Sheridan is leading! The cross fire of the Confederates pours down like a tide of fire from the ramparts above; but still the men of Sheridan press up, up, up, towards the lofty summits of the ridge. *He* is at their head, waving his sword and calling on every man to follow. There is no resisting his burning words. Twenty batteries belch their fiery torrents down upon them; but up they stride over the frowning cliffs, with charge after charge, carrying everything before them. Oh! God, what a grand but terrible sight! The leader falls! A groan, a cheer; he's up once more—his horse is dead. The highest peak is neared, and Sheridan, sword in hand, continues the fight on foot. The first to mount the conquered parapets, as he mounts them he swings his sword in triumph, and his own cheers mingle with those of his heroic men." General Rosseau was once ordered up in support of Sheridan in one of the desperate contests fought by Sheridan under the title of the Battle of Stone River: "I knew it was hell there," said Rosseau afterwards, "before I got in, but I was convinced of it when I saw Phil Sheridan, with hat in one hand and sword in the other, fighting as if he were the devil incarnate, or had a fresh indulgence from Father Tracy every five minutes." A contemporary chronicler adds: "A hundred times he has done likewise: a soldier that has no superior."

Grant's Chief Lieutenant.

In April, 1864, Sheridan was placed in command of all the cavalry in the Grand Army of the Potomac, in which capacity he did very telling work in Tennessee and Kentucky. His greatest achievements, however, were yet to be wrought: they came to him as the heavy fighter in the last days of the war. Grant had now picked him out as his chief lieutenant; and they set to themselves the hard task of "nailing" Lee, who was defiantly defending Richmond and threatening Washington. "Moving down with Grant through the Wilderness, Sheridan's bold horsemen seemed omnipresent. They swept in circles around and beyond the Confederate lines, capturing supplies, cutting away communications, inflicting severe blows, and defying all attempts made to capture or oppose them." Beating the ablest cavalry leader on the other side, he drove in the outer defences of Richmond, but, not strong enough to assail the second line, rejoined the army of the Potomac—a feat accepted as "one of the quickest and brightest in military history." Next followed the celebrated clearance of the Shenandoah Valley of Early's force, sent by Lee to attack Washington, and the subsequent laying waste of the valley by fire by Sheridan's orders.

"Sheridan's Ride."

A couple of months later occurred the most dramatic episode of the war—the incident recorded in Read's well-known poem, "Sheridan's Ride." Early had surprised Sheridan's force at Cedar Creek while he was absent at Washington, and it was retreating upon Winchester in a very demoralized condition, when Sheridan unexpectedly appeared upon the scene. Sheridan had reached Winchester, twenty miles off, on his return, when the attack was begun at Cedar Creek, and being awakened by the distant sounds of battle rolling up from the south, he dashed forward as fast as his horse would carry him to the front.

> And there, through the flush of the morning light,
> A steed as black as the steeds of night
> Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
> As if he knew the terrible need.

At last he reached the retreating troops:

> What was done? What to do? A glance told him both;
> Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
> He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
> And the wave of retreat checked its course there because
> The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
> With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
> By the flash of his eye and the red nostril's play,
> He seemed to the whole great army to say:
> "I have brought you Sheridan all the way
> From Winchester down, to save the day!"

The effect was electrical; the day was saved: a glorious victory was plucked from a terrible disaster, and Grant had a salute of one hundred guns fired by each of the two arms thereabout in Sheridan's honour.

The closing scenes of the war are inseparably connected with Sheridan's name. It was he who gained the battle of Five Forks which ensured the abandonment of Richmond, and he led in the pursuit of Lee, cutting off all retreat. The flag of truce that announced the close of the war was brought from Lee's headquarters to his hands at Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865, and he stood side by side with Grant at the formal capitulation. In February, 1884, on the retirement of General Sherman, Sheridan succeeded to the command of the entire United States army, with headquarters at Washington; and his chances as a candidate for the Presidency have been repeatedly discussed—in fact, on one occasion he declined in favour of his old chief, Grant. In his dying hours, the highest honour which the nation could pay him from a military point of view was conferred upon him, by a deputation sent to his deathbed.

"Little Phil." and his Nationalist Sentiments.

Sheridan was not more than 5 ft. 6 in. in height: he dwelt in the affections of his soldiers as "Little Phil'." In Grant's opinion, "Sheridan showed himself abundant in resource, instantaneous in acting on his resolves, remorseless in following up a victory; and while himself sleepless in vigilance, prompt to detect every blunder of his enemy. But beyond these traits he displayed a rare and fine intellectual ability. In each of his three great battles he conceived and executed movements remarkable as illustrations of the military art. He also exhibited consummate skill in combining great cavalry movements with the evolutions of the entire army in actual battle." Sheridan was a Catholic and a Republican, and one of his most famous utterances runs thus:—"An American by birth, I love liberty; an Irishman by descent, I hate oppression; if I were in Ireland, I would be a Fenian."

THE RAILWAY RACE TO EDINBURGH.

Departure of the West Coast Express.

The August Bank Holiday of 1888 will always be memorable for the starting of the Edinburgh express by the West Coast to reach the capital of Scotland in eight hours, calling only at Crewe, Preston, and Carlisle. Travellers who can afford the luxury of such rapid transit do not, however, choose a Bank Holiday for their journey, and consequently the four coaches drawn by the engine "Medina," built at the Crewe works in 1863, were not inconveniently crowded, though they had a good number of passengers, including Mr. Heath, M.P. Though there were a considerable number of spectators at ten o'clock round the engine who singularly enough did not cheer, there was nothing to mark the importance of the occasion. Jolliff was the name of the guard in charge. Amongst the passengers in the Glasgow train which followed a few minutes afterwards were a number of medical men going to the meeting of the British Medical Association, including Sir Thomas Spencer Wells, Dr. H. Warne, Dr. Alfred Carpenter, Mr. Ernest Hart, Mr. T. M. Southwell, Dr. Sidney Morton, Mr. Percy James, Mr. Walkenhauss, and Mr. A. Jacobi, of New York.

DISTRESSING DISASTER OFF SCARBOROUGH.

Nine Persons Drowned.

The lugger *Seagull*, of Lowestoft, went down off Scarborough last night, and her crew, nine in number, were drowned. The captain of a smack which arrived in the port states that three miles off shore he was running alongside the lugger in a terrific gale. There was only twenty or thirty yards' sea room between them, and he noticed that the lugger was in great distress. He turned to remark on the fact to one of his crew, and on looking round again he missed the *Seagull*, but saw four men swimming. He ran his vessel round, dropping the mainsail, and she had sufficient way upon her to almost reach the men struggling in the water. A line was thrown to the nearest man, but it dropped short by a foot, and before another could be thrown the smack had drifted to leeward. Another run was made, but again the swimmers failed to reach the ropes thrown to them. The skipper told them to keep up their hearts and he would try again, but before the smack got round they had all sunk. The *Seagull* left port yesterday morning, and intended returning to Scarborough for to-day's market.

DRAMATIC DEATH OF A COMMUNIST LEADER.

An Extraordinary Career.

At a meeting in favour of the strike, held at the Salle Favié, Paris, yesterday afternoon, the ex-general of the Commune, Emile Eudès, rose to speak, but before completing his first sentence he fell in a fit of apoplexy, and expired almost immediately. On this being announced to the meeting, it adopted a resolution denouncing "those whose baseness and calumnies have hastened the death of a great citizen, General Eudès," and then broke up.

Eudès was born in Normandy in 1844. After being in turn druggist assistant, proof-reader, and reporter, he joined in 1866 in starting an atheistic magazine, which was suppressed after five numbers, Eudès being sentenced to three months' imprisonment. On the 14th of August, 1870, he took part in a riot, and was condemned to death, but the fall of the Empire saved his life. On the 31st of October he joined in the rising against the Government of National Defence, and was dismissed from the National Guard. In March, 1871, he became an active member of the Commune, but showed ludicrous incompetence as a "general." He was accused, with his wife, of stealing linen and furniture from the Palace of the Legion of Honour, and he signed the decrees for the burning down of Paris. He escaped to Switzerland, and was condemned to death by default. Since returning under the amnesty of 1878, he had figured in all Anarchist agitations.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

It is understood that though the inquiry to be conducted under the Parnell Commission Bill will not begin till the early part of October, the Commission will meet soon after the bill receives the Royal Assent, in order to settle the mode of inquiry, and the charges which are to be made the subject of investigation.

VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN THE LIPARI ISLES.

A despatch has been received at Rome announcing that a destructive volcanic eruption occured on Saturday in the Lipari Isles, the group off Sicily in which the well-known volcano of Stromboli is situated. Immense damage is stated to have been caused by the eruption, but no details have been received owing to the destruction of the telegraph communicating with the islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, who have been staying with the Earl of Rosebery' left Mentmore this morning, and drove over to Cheddington Junction, where they joined the North Western train for Chester and Hawarden.

WHAT THE ANGLICAN CHURCH SAYS

ON MORAL AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS.

The *Times* gives up four columns and a half to the formal conclusions of the Lambeth Conference. An Encyclical Letter serves as a preface.

CONFLICTING UTTERANCES ON TEMPERANCE.

"Noble and self-denying efforts," says the Letter, "have been made for many years, within and without the Church, for the suppression of intemperance, and it is our earnest hope that these efforts will be increased manifold. The evil effects of this sin on the life of the Church and the nation can scarcely be exaggerated. But we are constrained to utter a caution against a false principle which threatens to creep in and vitiate much useful work. Highly valuable as we believe total abstinence to be as a means to an end, we desire to discountenance the language which condemns the use of wine as wrong in itself, independently of its effects on ourselves or on others, and we have expressed our disapproval of a reported practice (which seems to be due to some extent to the tacit assumption of this principle) of substituting some other liquid in the celebration of Holy Communion."

The committee appointed to consider the duty of the Church with regard to intemperance, on the contrary, advises "that the main weapon to be used in this warfare is the practice of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors by those who desire to help their fellow men." Flight from temptation, it observes, is the natural mode of dealing with sins of the flesh. The burden of temperance work must be borne by those who abstain entirely; although every one, of course, is not bound to take up this particular burden, or need be so weak as to find safety only in fleeing the temptations of drink. In respect to temperance legislation the committee advise the Church to press on all Governments the duty of diminishing the enormous amount of temptation which at present hinders the work of elevating and civilizing the masses.

A CRUSADE AGAINST IMPURITY PROCLAIMED.

"On the other hand," says the Letter, "Christian society is only now awakening to a sense of its active duty in the matter of purity; and we therefore desire to avail ourselves of an occasion which has brought together representatives of the Anglican Communion from distant parts of the world to proclaim a crusade against that sin which is before all others a defilement of the body of Christ and a desecration of the temple of the Holy Spirit. We recall the earnest language of the report—we believe that nothing short of general action by all Christian people will avail to arrest the evil; we call upon you to rally round the standard of a high and pure morality.

The committee on purity (of which the Bishop of Durham was chairman) are not blind to the danger of dealing publicly with the subject of impurity, and dread the effect, especially upon the young, of any increased familiarity with the details of sin, but, notwithstanding, they hold that the time has come when the Church must speak with no uncertain voice. They accordingly submitted a series of solemn declarations upon the subject:—

"We solemnly declare that a life of purity is alone worthy of a being created in the image of God.

"We declare that for Christians the obligation to purity rests upon the sanctity of the body, which is the 'temple of the Holy Ghost.'

"We declare that a life of chastity for the unmarried is not only possible but is commanded by God.

"We declare that there is no difference between man and woman in the sinfulness of sins of unchastity.

"We declare that on the man, in his God-given strength of manhood, rests the main responsibility.

"We declare that no one known to be living an immoral life ought to be received in Christian society.

"We solemnly protest against all lowering of the sanctity of marriage.

"We would remind all whom our voice may reach that the wrath of God, alike in Holy Scripture and in the history of the world, has been revealed against the nations which have transgressed the law of purity; and we solemnly record our conviction that, wherever marriage is dishonoured and sins of the flesh are lightly regarded, the home life will be destroyed and the nation itself will, sooner or later, decay and perish."

The committee add that the Bishops severally have determined to confer on this weighty matter with the clergy and faithful laity of their respective dioceses.

The report of the committee on Purity is the only report which was adopted by the Conference; the others were merely received.

THE SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE.

"In vital connection with the promotion of purity," says the Letter, "is the maintenance of the sanctity of marriage, which is the centre of social morality. This is seriously compromised by facilities of divorce, which have been increased in recent years by legislation in some countries. We have therefore held it our duty to reaffirm emphatically the precept of Christ relating thereto, and to offer some advice which may guide the clergy of our Communion in their attitude towards any infringement of the Master's rule."

THE "LORD'S DAY" A PRICELESS HERITAGE.

The Letter calls "upon the leisurely classes not selfishly to withdraw from others the opportunities of rest and religion. We call upon master and employer jealously to guard the privileges of the servant and the workman. In "the Lord's Day" we have a priceless heritage. Whoever misuses it incurs a terrible responsibility."

THE STUDY OF SOCIALISM "A NOBLE PURSUIT."

The report of the committee on Socialism is "submitted" not "commended," like other reports—to consideration by the Conference. It is signed by the Bishop of Manchester, and is a most interesting document. The committee broadly define Socialism as "any scheme of social reconstruction . . . which aims at uniting labour and the instruments of labour (land and capital), whether by means of the State, or of the help of the rich, or of the voluntary co-operation of the poor."

"Intimately connected with these moral questions," says the Letter, "is the attitude of the Christian Church towards the social problems of the day. Excessive inequality in the distribution of this world's goods—vast accumulation and desperate poverty side by side; these suggest many anxious considerations to any thoughtful person who is penetrated with the mind of Christ. No more important problems can well occupy the attention—whether of clergy or laity—than such as are connected with what is popularly called Socialism. To study schemes proposed for redressing the social balance, to welcome the good which may be found in the aims or operations of any, and to devise methods, whether by legislation or by social combinations, or in any other way, for a peaceful solution of the problems without violence or injustice, is one of the noblest pursuits which can engage the thoughts of those who strive to follow in the footsteps of Christ. Suggestions are offered in the report which may assist in solving this problem."

MR. PARNELL REPLIES TO MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND CAPTAIN O'SHEA.

HE ASKS FOR THE PRODUCTION OF HIS "OWN COERCION BILL."

Mr. Parnell replies in the *Times* this morning to Captain O'Shea and Mr. Chamberlain.

First, he challenges a publication of all his communications. As to the local government scheme, "I know," he says, "that their publication will fully establish the entire consistency of my private with my public declarations upon the subject of Irish local government. If Mr. Chamberlain should still decline to publish these letters, and content himself with misleading declarations of their purport, the public will appreciate his conduct, and will understand that it is because the publication will neither substantiate his truthfulness nor vindicate his candour. As to the Crimes Act altered by my own hand into the form in which I proposed it should be passed with just enough show of opposition in the House of Commons to satisfy those concerned: This assertion," Mr. Parnell also says, "is in some part capable of the easy proof afforded by the printing of the alleged document with the 'alterations by my own hand' in brackets. It is not to be supposed for an instant that an astute politician of the Chamberlain-O'Shea type, having once gotten hold of so important a document as 'Mr. Parnell's own Coercion Bill,' would have been so careless as to mislay or lose it."

"The only sense in which I can be called the author of this scheme" [for establishing a central council in Dublin], he then explains, "is that in 1882 I was responsible for the framing of the constitution of the Irish National League, in which the establishment of a central council in Dublin for administrative purposes, and administrative purposes only, was embraced. We then thought that, pending an extension of the suffrage and the expected great increase in our parliamentary strength, such a council, to replace the Dublin board, would have been a useful and harmless reform. This I was prepared to advocate at any time up to the passing of the Reform Act and Lord Carnarvon's declaration to me in favour of an Irish Parliament, but not afterwards. It would have been a suitable achievement, by the way, for our small party of thirty-five; but the passage of the Reform Act and the return of eighty-six members of the National party rendered the consideration of the question of Irish autonomy necessary and indispensable, and I laid down this position at the Imperial Hotel dinner in the late autumn of 1885."

Finally, Mr. Parnell comes to his reason for rejecting the scheme. "I have explained that the original plan contemplated by us in 1882 was to be rigidly confined to the question of administration as compared with legislation. In other words, the Dublin council was to have administrative but no legislative powers. We all along felt that a strict line must be drawn in this, and that we should damage our claim to the restitution of our Parliament if we allowed it to be mixed up with the question of boards, central or otherwise. Our view in 1882, and from which we never departed, was that the functions of the proposed council should be purely administrative, and that it should not be accepted if it was offered in the slightest degree as a substitute for a Parliament. But Mr. Chamberlain proposed to give his central authority legislative functions, and he also offered it as a substitute for a Parliament, and he therefore differed from us both in the nature of the scheme and in the objects with which he put it forward. I have never seen the document itself, and I learn upon good authority that, so far from being the one which was drawn by Mr. O'Shea, it was actually prepared by a gentleman in Dublin."

THE NEW BISHOP OF OXFORD.

The Queen has approved of the translation of the Bishop of Chester to the see of Oxford, vacant by the resignation of the Right Rev. John Mackarness, D.D.

Translations of Bishops from one ordinary see to another in modern days are very rare, but moving Bishop Stubbs the historian from the banks of the Dee to those of the Isis, where the great historian is so much at home, will be very popular. His removal from the Northern province will be a very great loss. His influence in the Northern Convocation, his independence, his shrewd common sense, and his judicious exercise of his patronage have made his administration of the diocese a great success. He attracted university men to work in Cheshire, most of whom had been at the best of the theological colleges for a year's subsequent training. His munificence, too, was very great, some half of his income being given to works of charity. He has subscribed largely for the Clergy Pension Fund, and inaugurated a scheme largely helped by his own purse for providing for the spiritual wants of the men working on the Manchester Canal. While Oxford residents will welcome such an old member of the governing body and one whose attainments are of so high an order, the country portions of the diocese will find the new bishop by no means careless of their interests, for Bishop Stubbs, like the late Bishop Wordsworth and the present Bishop of Durham, has shown that scholars and recluses can adapt themselves to the requirements of a locomotive age. Somewhat stern and reserved in manner until he is known, he has a kind heart, and an abundance of dry humour. Preaching is not the great historian's forte so far as manner is concerned, but in matter his discourses are excellent. In distributing prizes and on similar occasions the Bishop is very happy, always having something unhackneyed to speak on as, for example, in his remarks the other day at Chester school on penny dreadfuls. He is a High Churchman of the old school, caring little for music of ceremonies. His capacity for work seems unlimited.

The Prime Minister left town on Saturday afternoon for Hatfield, where he remains for a few days.

Mr. A. J. Balfour left London on Saturday afternoon for Tunbridge Wells, and will to-day address a meeting at Eridge Park, returning to town to-morrow.

Mr. Pickering Phipps, formerly M.P. for Northampton, has declined to contest Mid-Northamptonshire in the Conservative interest.

The death of Dr. Lush, late M.P. for Salisbury, took place very suddenly at St. Leonards-on-Sea on Saturday morning.

Mr. T. B. Potter, M.P., has rented Miss Cobden's cottage at Midhurst for the autumn. It was at Midhurst that Richard Cobden was born, in an old farmhouse known as Dunford, on June 3, 1804.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGE.—RATHBONE—DIXON—On the 2nd August, at Edgbaston Old Church, by the Rev. Cresswell Strange, assisted by the Rev. W. H. Poulton, Frederick, third son of Benson Rathbone, of Liverpool, to Kate Marion, second daughter of George Dixon, M.P., of The Dales, Edgbaston.

THE BISHOP OF RIPON ON "NOVELS."

The chief event in connection with the visit of the University Extension students to Oxford on Saturday was the lecture by the Bishop of Ripon on "The Prose Poems of the Day," which was delivered in the New Examination Schools. The Master of Balliol (Professor Jowett) presided, and the audience numbered upwards of a thousand. The Bishop of Ripon, who met with an enthusiastic reception, said there were some novels that he might describe with a great deal of accuracy as prose poems, but he did not wish to limit himself to them. What was in his mind was simply the reflection of

THE ENORMOUS FORCE WHICH THE NOVEL HAD BECOME

in modern life. They could scarcely, he supposed, realize themselves how that force had grown and how much the condition of things had changed from what it once was. He supposed he might say without fear of contradiction that there was a day in which this younger sister of letters was looked at somewhat askance; people felt she did not come before them arrayed in the garments of wisdom. She carried frivolity within her; they were perfectly certain she carried falseness on her face, and there was a shrewd suspicion that there was worse behind. (Laughter.) Now, if report said true, it was not at all an unknown thing for a judge to fly from the bench and take refuge in his study and console himself with a novel. He believed it was also true that statesmen had been known in their leisure hours to indulge in the pages of a three volume novel, and he knew very well that clergyman had done so. He thought he might say without a breach of privilege that it was a fact that some clergymen had been known to put one another through an examination in order to see which knew his "Pickwick" best. (Laughter) And so this young sister—the Cinderella of literature—had been brought out of her obscurity, and, if he might so speak, the Prince, in the form of the public, had preferred her to the elder sisters—either poetry or history, for she held high supremacy. If they went by statistics of the public libraries of England, they would find that on an average from 50 to 60 per cent. of the books read were works of fiction. This must be recognized as a real force at work in the world, and it would be a very foolish thing for any great body of persons interested in the education of the country and the intellectual development of the people to put aside the consideration of the novel. (Hear, hear.)

The position of the novel now was this—that the writers claimed, and justly so, that they were to be reckoned

AMONG THE ARTISTS OF THE WORLD.

They said the novel to be properly understood was not merely a tale but a great work of art, and had to be prepared as such. That was an enormous advance. He thought they owed gratitude to people who, taking up the topics of the day, dealt with social and political questions for a distinct purpose. But then he thought they were liable to great danger out of this. When they came home tired—when their mind was jaded and they had been fighting with the problems of life in various forms, it was a little hard that they should find the same problems brought before them when they were sitting in their easy coat and slippers, and not dressed up for attention to such topics. (Laughter.) The novel had taken the place of the Professor's desk, and had turned the lecturer from his post; and he was sure they would sympathize with him when he said that it had ascended the pulpit. (Laughter.) Not only that, they had been saying very unkind things, for he read at the close of an article recently on novels, these words, as nearly as he could remember them—"As the scimitar of Saladin was able to cut through that which defied the doughty sword of Richard, so the novel had been able to accomplish that which a wilderness of homilies had never achieved and had told parables which embodied truths that told elsewhere had produced only slumber." (Laughter.) He for one would say, although Othello's occupation might be gone, and the novelist took the place of the preacher, "Novelist, preach on if you will lift men higher; we have tried to do all in our power; God speed you, we are brothers with one common end." (Applause.) On the motion of Dr. Murray, seconded by the Rev. W. Danks, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded the Bishop of Ripon for his address.

SATURDAY'S SITTING OF THE COMMONS.

The House of Commons sat on Saturday for the purpose of advancing Supply. At the commencement of public business Sir H. James complained that in certain newspapers of that morning there appeared a paragraph purporting to state with some detail what the effect of the Report of the Committee who had conducted the Hyderabad Deccan Mining inquiry was, but the statements contained in that paragraph were not only insufficient, but misleading, fallacious, and in many respects entirely erroneous.

The House went into Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates, and the vote of £625,000 for transport services was agreed to after a short conversation. On the vote of £2,509,000 for the commissariat there was a discussion regarding soldiers' rations, in course of which Mr. Stanhope intimated that he intended to go thoroughly into the question, and to appoint a committee to inquire into it before next year's Estimates were presented.

On the vote for naval armaments, Mr. Duff and Lord C. Beresford said there could be no doubt that we were very short of guns, Lord Charles adding that instead of being deficient in this respect each ship should have a reserve of heavy ordnance. Mr. Stanhope said it was really a scandal that there should be ships built for which guns were not ready, and the Government had addressed itself to the subject with a desire to ascertain the cause of the delay, and to endeavour to provide a remedy for it. The vote and several others were agreed to on the appeal of Mr. W. H. Smith, and a promise that a further opportunity should be afforded for discussion.

On the report of the vote on account of the Civil Service Estimates passed on Friday, Mr. Anderson and Dr. Wallace complained of the neglect of Scotch business during the session, and the latter was speaking at half-past five, when, under the Wednesday rule, which had been adopted for the present sitting, the discussion stood adjourned. Lloyd's Signal Stations Bill was read a second time and referred to a Select Committee, and consideration of the Lords' amendments to the Libel Law Amendment Bill was set down for Thursday next.

THE WONDERFUL WEATHER PLANT.

The weather plant, of which mention was made some months ago, has of late been studied by various scientific societies at Vienna, and according to authentic testimony its forecasts have been perfectly correct. The Marine Department of the Austrian War Office is about to give the plant a fair trial on board ship with a view to ascertaining whether it may be relied upon out at sea.

THE EXPLOSION AT WANDSWORTH.

ANOTHER DEATH.

The young woman, Lucy Harwood, who was so shockingly injured by the firework explosion at Wandsworth on Friday, died in the infirmary at an early hour yesterday morning. Her arm was amputated on Saturday afternoon, and little hope was entertained of her recovery. The fourth young woman, Rose Sawyer, is going on as favourably as can be expected. The inquest will be opened on Wednesday morning. Further inquiries have failed to throw any additional light upon the cause of the explosion. The authorities incline to the opinion that in some way or other a considerable quantity of explosive material must have found its way into the workshop, for the ordinary amount of the substance manufactured in it would not have been sufficient to have had such disastrous results. A subscription fund has been started to bury the deceased and to provide for the girl Sawyer and those who have been affected by the explosion.

THE REGENT'S PARK CASE.—SENTENCES.

The seven prisoners who had pleaded guilty to indictments charging them with riot and assault in connection with the fatal affray in the Regent's Park—Peter Lee, nineteen; William Elves, sixteen; Francis Cole, eighteen; William Joseph Graefe, nineteen; William Henshaw, sixteen; Charles Henry Govier, sixteen; and Michael Daeling, fifteen—were brought up for sentence on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Justice Hawkins said they had all been convicted on their own confession of conspiracy to assault the poor fellow who was dead and other persons, and also with being concerned in a riot and assault. Such proceedings could not be sanctioned. They had gone in a gang of more than twenty for the purpose and with no other object than to inflict violence upon any of the Marylebone "chaps" that might come in their way, and they were assembled for the purpose of cruelty and brutality. They had had a terrible warning, Lee in particular, which he hoped would be remembered by them to the end of their days. The jury had in the first instance convicted Lee of being an accessory before the fact to the murder, and it was only after further consideration that they acquitted him. These lawless acts must be repressed. He then sentenced Lee and Govier to fifteen, Henshaw to nine, Cole to eight, Graefe to seven, and Elves and Daeling to six months' hard labour. In the case of Graefe, Elves, and Daeling, who only pleaded guilty to unlawful assembly, it appeared the court had no power to inflict hard labour.

THE SINGULAR ABDUCTION CASE.

Oscar Möller, about twenty-five years of age, described as a waiter, and a native of Germany, was brought before the Queenstown magistrates on Saturday on a transmit warrant granted to Inspector Moore, Scotland-yard, who had arrived to convey him to London, where he will be tried for the abduction of Elsa Elias, aged seventeen years, who is entitled to a fortune of £50,000. She is a daughter of the late Mr. Henry Elias, the well-known brewer, of New York, who died about seventeen months ago, leaving over a quarter of a million pounds sterling. The young lady at the time of the abduction was residing with her mother, who has three other children, in Cassel, Germany, where she has been since the death of her husband. Möller, it seems, was arrested for the abduction in Germany, but managed to escape, bringing the heiress with him, and succeeded in evading the police until Queenstown was reached. When arrested on board the *Ohio* last Thursday they were travelling as husband and wife under the name of Buttner. Mr. Samuel Huttmeyer, barrister, New York, guardian of the children, arrived at Queenstown on Saturday and took the young lady under his care back to London.

THE COMET ENCKE.—The comet Encke was seen from the Cape Observatory shortly after 6 P.M. on Friday last very near the predicted place. Its position at the time of discovery was Right Ascension 12 hours 13 minutes; declination south, 17 deg. 28 min. Its position at 6 P.M. this evening will be Right Ascension 12 hours 38 min.; declination south, 20 deg. 20 min.

THE EMPRESS VICTORIA.—The Empress Victoria has now resolved to make the so-called Crown Prince's Palace at Berlin her principal residence, in order that she may be near the numerous charitable institutions established by herself and her late Consort in Berlin. Her Majesty will in about a month go to Scotland for a short stay, whence she will return to Berlin before her intended visit to Italy.

TWEED SALMON NET FISHING.—The catches of salmon and trout and grilse improved a good deal towards the end of the week. The river stations are less productive just now than the fisheries on the sea coast. Prices on Saturday were:—Salmon, 1*s.* per lb., grilse 11*d.*, and trout 11*d.*, as compared with 10*d.* per lb. for salmon, 10*d.* for grilse, and 10*d.* for trout on the corresponding date last year.

A ROYAL BETROTHAL.—It is reported in Munich that the meeting of the Italian Crown Prince with the Crown Princess Stephanie in the Bavarian capital is to be regarded as the first step preliminary to the betrothal of the Royal visitor with the Austrian Crown Princess's youngest sister, the Princess Clementine of Belgium. The Italian Princess is nearly nineteen, having been born on November 11, 1869, while the Princess Clementine celebrated her sixteenth birthday on the 30th of last month.

FATAL AFFRAY AT A VILLAGE FEAST.—A village "wake," held at Smisby, a place near Ashby-de-la-Zouche, on Saturday terminated in a very sad manner, a labourer named Bowler being stabbed by a companion named Higgins, a joiner, the wound resulting fatally in a quarter of an hour. The men were drinking together in a public-house, and quarrelled outside, when the fatal blow was inflicted. The deceased leaves a widow and three young children. The man Higgins has been arrested.

THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS.—The opposition of the Mahometans to the idea of the so-called "National" Congress continues. A representative meeting of the Bombay Mahometans has been held, at which it was resolved that, considering the educational backwardness of the community, it was undesirable to participate in the Congress. One speaker, says the *Standard* correspondent, declared that British rule was a thousand times better than Russian, a sentiment greeted with cries of "*Inshalla!* May God preserve it."

THAMES SWANS.—The Queen's Swankeeper and the officials of the Vintners' and Dyers' Companies finished on Saturday their annual trip up the Thames for the purpose of marking the swans between London Bridge and Henley. The trip occupied several days, and resulted in the capture and the "nicking" of 343 old and young birds. One hundred and seventy-eight of these are claimed by her Majesty, ninety-four by the Vintners' Company, and seventy-one by the Dyers' Company. Most of the swans were found upon the less-frequented reaches of the river.

THE REVIEWS FOR AUGUST.

THE "FORTNIGHTLY."

THE *Fortnightly* begins—and for twenty pages continues—with Mr. Swinburne's fluent and, in parts, fine poem on the Armada, from which we gave a few extracts the other day. "What is the difference between Genius and Talent?" That is as old a question as, "What is Poetry?" and as hard to settle. "Genius is *my* authors' doxy, and talent is other people's authors' doxy," is the gist of the usual answer. "Genius in its most frequent form is really talent backed up by application." That—quite in the spirit of the dictum that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains—is Mr. Grant Allen's answer. It is an answer in the spirit of Trollope, not of the Lyttons and Hugos. It is rather amusing to find an article which discusses the mind and art of Dickens and Carlyle, Angelo and Leonardo, close in apologies for seeming to imply that the Langs and Dobsons and Besants and Howells of to-day are anything but supreme geniuses. The article is clever and interesting, as Mr. Grant Allen's work always is. It may be summed in its own phrase as a plea for the wider democracy of talent against the exclusive oligarchy of genius. Says Mr. Grant Allen:—

> The language, the vocabulary, the idiom, the eloquence, the thought, of every age is moulded by a thousand unknown speakers and writers who each contributes his own part to the grand total of the literature of the day. From the lowest to the highest the gradation is regular, even, and continuous: there is no break; there is no gulf; there is no isolated peak of solitary grandeur. Here and there individuals rise a little above the mass, and form as a whole the body of thinkers. Here and there individuals rise a little above the body, and form as a whole the smaller group of men of talent. Here and there individuals rise a little above the group, often in the merest details of their personal idiosyncrasy, and attain more or less distinctly to the level which most of us recognize as genius. But from first to last the various stages of intellect or of special faculty rise gradually one above the other; the differences between the men themselves are minute; it is the differences between the effects produced upon others that elevate some on so high an imaginary pedestal above their fellows.

Pierre Loti contributes a "*Rêve*," in his charming French, which quite belies his preface that ordinary speech with him makes a vision *gauche et lourd*. "En effet ELLE apparaît," is the keynote of the dream. We have already said something of Lord Wolseley's paper on "Courage." Mr. Jennings writes of jobbery in our public offices, and R. A. Proctor of capital and culture in America.

THE "WESTMINSTER."

There are some capital articles in the *Westminster*, which, by the way, shows welcome signs of conversion to the idea of signed articles. Almost without exception the papers in the present issue are over the names of their writers—though as yet the latter are shyly excluded from the cover.

Under the head of "Ireland," Mr. T. W. Russell and Mr. Hewitt will find a sufficient answer to their recent contributions to the *Westminster* on the Liberal Unionist side. It is written by Mr. R. Stewart Mendies. Mr. F. J. Dowsett discusses with considerable cleverness, though not, it is said, with originality, "Both Sides of Jewish Character." He attributes the success of the Jew to his quickness of insight and strenuousness. But in the popular Hebrew mind true Judaism has come to mean the art of getting on—of making the most of this world and completely ignoring any other.

The article on "Memory" is mainly a vindication of Dr. Pick's work on the subject, and an attack upon "Professor Loisette." The "Independent Section," besides a criticism of Mr. Whistler's "Ten o'Clock," which performs the not difficult task of ridiculing that rather too "original" treatise, contains two interesting papers. There is one of Mr. E. R. Clay's lively philosophical essays, entitled "Common Sense: a Nemesis." Mr. Clay classes together and attacks, as anti-common-sense idealists, Spinoza, Bishop Berkeley, Fichte, Hegel, Schelling, the Neo-Kantianism of English and French contemporaries, M. Charles Renouvier's "Phenomeism," the materialism of George Lewes, and Professor Clifford's Mind-Stuff hypothesis. He refuses to despair of the knowing faculty. He has no patience with the ingenious arguments to prove that matter does not exist. There is a clever phrase:—"A hypnotizing God and hypnotized creatures comprise the universe of Berkeley." And here are some very noteworthy sentences from a plea for freer and higher ideals of marriage, which is signed "Mona Caird":—

> We shall never have a world really worth living in until men and women can show interest in one another, without being driven either to marry or to forego altogether the pleasure and profit of frequent meeting. Nor will the world be really a pleasant world while it continues to make friendship between persons of opposite sexes well-nigh impossible by insisting that they *are* so, and thereby in a thousand direct and indirect ways bringing about the fulfilment of its own prophecy.

THE "NINETEENTH CENTURY."

"Workers' Songs," by Miss Laura A. Smith, is an attractive title, and makes a pleasant article. We have Folk-songs, Scandinavian, French, and Gaelic; Greek lullabies and New Zealand tattooing songs, Italian *stornelli* (like Mr. Browning's fragments in "Fra Lippo Lippi"), and Normandy mill songs. In speaking of the old Greek songs of this kind, of the corn-grinders, weavers, reapers, &c., Miss Smith seems to forget that very old popular catch of the Greek "women grinding at the mill," with its dash of political sarcasm, such as "workers' songs" often have:—

> Grind, Mill-stones, grind
> The grain between ye:
> Pittacus doth also grind,
> King of mighty Mitylene!

The gist of "Democracy and Party," by T. E. Kebbel, is that the former is rendering the latter effete. Dr. Burney Yeo describes Prince Bismarck's body-doctor's cure for too much fat. The reader who may be in doubt whether he has any personal interest in the question is recommended to consult the following table of proper weights—compiled from the article:—

Age 30.	40.	50.	60.	70.
A man 5ft. 7 in., 10st. to 10st. 10lb....	same ...	less ...	still less ...	much less.
A woman 5ft. 2 in., 7st. 8lb. to 8st....2lb. more...	4lb. more...	same as at 30...	yearly lighter.	

For each additional inch add 5 lb.

Another doctor discusses the Geographical Distribution of British Intellect, showing that towns have a higher intellectual activity than the country, but that agricultural districts are usually richer in great men than manufacturing or mining parts:—

> The lowlands of Scotland, Aberdeenshire, Dublin, Hampshire, Suffolk, London, Devonshire, Gloucestershire, and Berkshire are, in the order named, the divisions of the kingdom which have during the last twenty or thirty years produced the most plentiful crop of distinguished citizens. The eastern and southern counties are in the aggregate superior in intelligence to the northern and midland. These in turn are superior to Cornwall and Wales, while the mental nadir is to be found in the western province of Ireland.

Who owns the Churches? asks Dr. Jessopp, and wishes apparently that they were under a State department. What is left of Christianity? asks W. S. Lilly, and answers, a good deal, which ought to be taken as found, not "rationalized." The Real Mdme. de Pompadour tells the old scandal well.

THE "CONTEMPORARY."

Mr. McCarthy's note—it is scarcely more—on the new life of Forster is what people will look at first here. They will find it slight, but interesting. The moral drawn is that if Mr. Forster failed it was because his task was impossible, and ever will be.

Are Christian teleologists proved to be fools? Has science really pulverized the old faiths? That is the question to which we find an emphatic No in the shape of a review of Mr. Clodd's recent book, "The Story of Creation," over the name Lewis Wright. "The New Dogmatism" is that of the modern scientific school of destructive criticism. The argument against it is conducted on fair terms. All "legitimate inferences from well ascertained facts" are held to be ground legitimately conquered by science. But it is contended that the new dogmatism goes far beyond this when organic evolution is treated as only part of an all-embracing "cosmic philosophy," and a claim put forward that the story of creation is *proved* to be an *unbroken* record of the "evolution of gas into genius." Some of the generalizations about force and energy, and the unchangeability of elements, are put down to "slipperiness of barefaced assumption," and the *fidei defensor* concludes with a rather unctuous imagining of how very "sold" some of the scientist hard-hitters will look some day when they find, if find they do, that "there is a God after all!" "State Socialism" has been described by M. Léon Say as a German philosophy which was natural enough to a people with the political history and habits of the Germans, but which, in his opinion, was ill calculated to cross the French frontier, and was contrary to the very nature of the Anglo-Saxons. Mr. John Rae's starting point in his article under the title is that it is now the current assumption of the journals and of popular conversation in this country that a profound change has come over the spirit of English politics in the course of the present generation—a change from the old trust in liberty to a new trust in State regulation, and from the French doctrine of *laissez-faire* to the German doctrine of State Socialism. And his object is to prove that this assumption, notwithstanding the currency it has obtained and the distinguished authorities by whom it is supported, is in reality exaggerated and undiscriminating. Government, he admits, does tend to interfere more and more. But that is "a simple and unavoidable concomitant of the growth of society." And England shows the tendency, he thinks, less than the other Powers. There are, of course, the Post Office, the Parcels Post, and Savings Bank, and dockyards, and shares in the Suez Canal; but we have not nationalized the telephones nor the railways. We may remind Mr. Rae of Mr. Mundella's declaration in Parliament the other day, that the Railway and Canal Bill is the first step towards State railways. English economists, argues Mr. Rae, from Smith to McCulloch, and from McCulloch to Mr. Sidgwick, have stuck to a strong distinction between the proper and improper spheres of Government interference. The distinction between the two he will show in another article. So far we do not think he has done much to comfort Mr. Herbert Spencer as against the recent pronouncement of Sir William Harcourt, echoed at Edinburgh by Mr. Goschen, that "we are all Socialists nowadays." The most remarkable thing in Mr. Sayce's article on "Recent Oriental Discovery" is, perhaps, his eulogy on that extraordinary work "Travels in Arabia Deserta," by Mr. Doughty, in which the Cambridge University Press has lent itself to an attempt to re-write the English tongue. But no doubt it takes a specialist like Professor Sayce to see through what he merely calls the "quaint style" of that remarkable book so far as to appreciate the value of its matter. In "The True Policy of National Defence" Colonel F. Maurice boils down conveniently the argument of his book "The Balance of Military Power." The "Progress of Presbyterianism" is pat to the time, but "The Parochial System at Fault" might have been saved for another issue. "The Awakening of New England" is a sketch of the best part of American literature. Sir John Adye describes the chaos in the War Department, picturing it in a way that recalls the "Circumlocution Office."

THE "NATIONAL."

Of Professor Goldwin Smith's outburst on "The Proposal to celebrate the French Revolution," with which the *National Review* leads off, we may have something to say more at large. There is little else of importance in the number. Sir J. Crichton-Browne, on "Handcraft," takes a more sanguine view than most authorities of the leeway we have to make up in technical education. "The Disorder of the Age" fixes on a kind of pessimism as the *mal du siècle*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONTEMPT OF COURT IN BRITISH GUIANA.

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—I am a barrister of Lincoln's Inn of over seven years' standing, and I write this from the prison to which I have been consigned by the judges for contempt of court. On the 28th of June, 1888, there appeared in the *Royal Gazette* newspaper a letter from me criticising a judgment finally delivered in the Supreme Court of Civil Justice on the 26th of June. Although the court then stood adjourned to the 2nd of July, the judges opened it on the 30th of June, and Mr. Kingdon, the Acting Attorney-General, came in and moved for and obtained a rule nisi against me for contempt of court. This rule was discussed on the 6th and 7th of July, and on the 9th of July the court adjudged me guilty of contempt for having written the letter published on June 28 criticising the judgment pronounced on the 26th. They held that it is contempt of court to criticize adversely the judges or their proceedings, whether there be any cause pending or not, and they relied chiefly on the passage in Lord Chief Justice Wilmot's notes, which was intended to be delivered as a judgment in a case of the King against Almon, but was never delivered, and on Hawkins's Pleas of the Crown. Hawkins, in his enumeration of contempts, says—"3. Contemptuous *words* or *writings* concerning the court." The passage from Wilmot concludes thus: "To be impartial, and to be universally thought so, are both absolutely necessary for giving justice that free and open current which it has for many ages found all over this kingdom," and is preceded by this sentence: "The arraignment of the justice of the judges is arraigning the King's justice; it is an impeachment of his wisdom and goodness in the choice of his judges, and excites in the minds of the people a general dissatisfaction with all judicial determinations, and indisposes their minds to obey them; and whenever men's allegiance to the laws is so fundamentally shaken it is the *most fatal and the most dangerous obstruction of justice*, and in my opinion calls out for a more rapid and immediate redress than any other obstruction whatsoever, not for the sake of the judges as private individuals, but because they are the channels by which the King's justice is conveyed to the people." The italics in this sentence are the judge's. They then sentenced me to be imprisoned for six months, and also to pay a fine of 500 dols. (£104).

After I had been in prison two days—that is, on the 11th of July—another rule was granted against me to show cause why I should not be again attached and further committed to prison for contempt of court in having written a letter to the *Daily Chronicle* newspaper of the 22nd of June, 1887 (nearly thirteen months previous) reflecting on the administration of justice. The rule came on to be argued on July 14, 1888; and on the 19th the court adjudged me guilty of contempt of court for having written the letter of June 22, 1887, and, as I am now undergoing imprisonment, ordered me to come up for judgment within twelve months, if called upon.—I am Sir, your obedient servant,

LOUIS DE SOUZA.

Georgetown Gaol, British Guiana, July 20.

SALMON FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.

"A queer event came off here yesterday," writes a correspondent from Stornoway. "Sir John Morris was fishing in the bay (in the salt water), when, noticing no end of salmon cruising about, he thought he would try them with a salmon fly, and he bagged no less than five. For salmon to rise to the fly in salt water is a most uncommon event. Our bag up to yesterday evening was 108 and 653 sea trout."

A MISTAKE IN THE BRANDS.

Mr. Bodley, in an article on President Brand, in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, tells the following curious story of how President Brand's knighthood was delayed a year, and how the late Speaker was made a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath:—"In 1882 he had conferred upon him the honorary Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, as an acknowledgment of his services to England. The President would have received his knighthood, the previous year, after the conclusion of the Transvaal Convention, but for a curious accident. An influential member of the English Ministry, who appreciated his assistance, wrote on a piece of paper, 'Brand ought to be knighted,' put the suggestion into a despatch-box, and sent it to 10, Downing-street. What happened there is not within my knowledge, but a *Gazette* appeared some time afterwards containing, not the name of President Brand, but an announcement that the Grand Cross of the Bath had been conferred on the Speaker of the House of Commons. An honour so appropriately bestowed could not in any sense be described as a knighthood by mistake, though it was John Brand of Bloemfontein who was in the Minister's mind when he wrote his terse memorandum."

BEECHER'S PROTEST AGAINST ILLEGIBLE WRITING.

The following response was written by H. W. Beecher in his capacity of chaplain to the colonel of his regiment, in answer to a circular printed by one of the reduplicating processes then in vogue, but which was nearly illegible from the paleness of the ink:—

"I do admire black ink and legible writing. I return you a model. Do help me.

"(1) Is this a spiritual communication—from some feeble spirit to some pale, ink medium? How shall I reply? Do you keep a heavenly mail?

"(2) Or is it from Wolseley, asking me to come to the Soudan? I cannot go, of course, without your permission.

"(3) Or is it merely an advertisement of a writing-master, showing how to increase piety by teaching men to live (and read) by faith, and not by sight?

"(4) In that case, have you got any more clerks—who can write invisible messages? I might want them for my Sunday-schools.

"(5) You ought to send out a reader (if this is a military document) to inform all who read it what it says.

"(6) On the theory that it is a regimental order, I shall soon commence studying the tactics, and be ready for a parade—which, if it resembles the writing, ought to take place at midnight, after the moon is gone, by the light of oil street lamps.

H. W. B."

TO-NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

(Sole Lessee, Mr. HENRY IRVING.)

TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, and EVERY EVENING,
Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD as
DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

Sole Authorized Version—Mr. Mansfield's original creation. Dramatized by kind permission of Mr Robert Louis Stevenson. Box office (Mr. J. Hurst) now open daily from 10 to 5.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

(A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.)

THIS EVENING, at Eight, THE UNION JACK. Mr. William Terriss; Messrs. C. Cartwright, J. D. Beveridge, J. L. Shine, L. Cautley, D. Somers, H. Russell, H. Halley, &c.; Miss Millward; Mesdames Helen Forsyth, O. Nethersole, D. Drummond, E. Bufton, and Clara Jecks. At 7.15, THE REFUGEES. Mr. D. Somers, Miss Agnes Miller, &c. MORNING PERFORMANCE TO-DAY (Bank Holiday), at 2. Doors open at 1.30.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. THOMAS THORNE.)

JOSEPH'S SWEETHEART. 143rd Time. Great success. TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, a New Comedy in Five Acts, by ROBERT BUCHANAN, entitled JOSEPH'S SWEETHEART. Preceded, at 7.45, by a new One Act Play, entitled THE BROTHERS, by H. BYATT. Messrs. W. Rignold, C. Maude, J. S. Blythe, S. Buist, F. Gillmore, F. Grove, J. Wheatman, and Fred Thorne; Mesdames E. Johnstone, G. Hemfrey, Arnold, McNeill, Harrison, Maunders, and Kate Rorke. Box-office open 10 till 6.30. SPECIAL MATINÉE TO-DAY (Bank Holiday), at 2.30.

TERRY'S THEATRE.

(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDWARD TERRY.)

(Acting Manager, Mr. H. T. BRICKWELL.)

The safest and coolest Theatre in London, constructed entirely with concrete and iron, absolutely fireproof, lighted throughout with electricity.

TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, A. W. PINERO's New Three Act Domestic Drama, SWEET LAVENDER. 142nd Time. Messrs. Edward Terry, Alfred Bishop, Brandon Thomas, T. C. Valentine, Bernard Gould, F. Kerr, Sant Matthews; Mesdames M. A. Victor, Carlotta Addison, Maude Millett, and Norreys. Doors open at 8. Carriages 11. MATINÉES TO-DAY (Bank Holiday), Monday, August 6, and EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. Seats at the Libraries and Box-office, open from 10 to 5. Telephone 2,702.

GLOBE THEATRE.

(Lessees and Managers, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE and Miss EDITH WOODWORTH.)

THIS EVENING, at 8.45, BOOTLES' BABY. 77th Time. Messrs. Charles Sugden, Edmund Maurice, C. W. Garthorne, Forbes Dawson, Gilbert Farquhar, C. Kent, and Charles Collette; Mesdames Webster, Henrietta Lindley, Rose Evelyn, Maud Merrill, Minnie Terry. At 7.45, TRUE COLOURS. Messrs. Forbes Dawson, A. J. Byde; Mesdames Gilfard and Florence Grant.

PRINCE OF WALES' (late the Prince's) THEATRE.

(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HORACE SEDGER.)

EVERY EVENING, at 7.35, WARRANTED BURGLAR PROOF.

At 8.30, punctually, DOROTHY. (683rd Performance.)

Mesdames Effie Chapuy, Florence Perry, Harriet Coveney, E. Weston, and Amy Augarde; Messrs. Ben Davies, A. Christian, F. Emney, J. Le Hay, Edward Griffin, and C. Hayden Coffin. Musical Director, M. Ivan Caryll. Doors open 7.30. Box-office open from 10 till 5.

MATINÉE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

ITALIAN EXHIBITION.

In Concert Hall and Theatre, FRATELLI PRANDI's MARIONETTES, "AMOR" and "THE LIVING SKELETON," at 3 and 7.45 P.M. The NEAPOLITAN MANDOLINISTS at 4.30 and 9 P.M.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

GRAND FAIRY BALLET, "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," arranged and produced under direction of Madame KATTI LANNER and Mr. OSCAR BARRETT, THIS and EVERY EVENING. Open air if fine, Centre Transept if Wet. The *Times* says:—"It ought to attract the public in shoals. It is the most practical realization of the beauties of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' ever attempted." Admission daily, 1s.

SAVOY.—Proprietor and Manager, R. D'OYLY CARTE.—THIS EVENING, at 8.30, THE MIKADO, Japanese Opera. By W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN. At 7.30, MRS. JARRAMIE'S GENIE. Box-office open from 9 A.M. till 11 P.M.

SAVOY.—THE MIKADO.—THIS and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, and SATURDAY AFTERNOON, at 2.30, until further notice Messrs. R. Barrington, J. Wilkinson, R. Cummings, W. Brownlow, and J. G. Robertson; Mesdames G. Ulmar, S. Grey, A. Cole, and R. Brandram.

SAVOY.—THE MIKADO.

COMEDY THEATRE.—TO-NIGHT, at 9, a new farcical comedy in three acts, adapted from the German of Von Moser, entitled THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, by SYDNEY GRUNDY. Mr. C. H. Hawtrey, Mr. Wilfred Draycott, Mr. W. Wyes, and Mr. W. S. Penley; Miss Cissy Grahame, Miss Carlotta Zerbini, Miss Agnes Miller, Miss Gertrude Goetze, and Miss Lottie Venne. Box-office open 10 to 5. At 8.10 o'clock, SUNSET, by JEROME K. JEROME.—Business Manager, Mr. E. F. BRADLEY.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.—TO-NIGHT at 9.—COMEDY THEATRE.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM. EVERY EVENING, at 8.45, DAVID GARRICK. 372nd Performance. Preceded by, at 8.15, WHY WOMEN WEEP. Doors open 7.45.

DAVID GARRICK.—LAST NIGHTS of the PRESENT SEASON, in consequence of Mr. Wyndham's previous engagement to visit the provincial towns. BETSY will shortly be reproduced.

NIAGARA IN LONDON. COLOSSAL PICTURE of the GREAT FALLS, original effects, by PHILIPPOTEAUX. Pleasant Lounge, Music, American Museum, Electric Light. Refreshments by Beguinot. Admission 1s. No fees 10 to 10.—YORK STREET, WESTMINSTER, St. James's Park Station.

ITALIAN EXHIBITION,
WEST BROMPTON, EARL'S-COURT, AND WEST KENSINGTON

PATRON.
HIS MAJESTY the KING of ITALY.
HON. PRESIDENT.
H.R.H. the CROWN PRINCE of ITALY.
DIRECTOR-GENERAL.
JOHN R. WHITLEY, Esq.
PRESIDENT OF THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE.
Col. J. T. NORTH.

ITALIAN EXHIBITION.
THE GREAT SUCCESS OF 1888.
THE EXHIBITION OF THE YEAR.
ITALIAN SCULPTURE, PAINTING and INDUSTRIES.
At 4.0 and 8.30 p.m. Daily, Sunday Only.
ROME UNDER THE EMPEROR TITUS.
On the "WILD WEST" ARENA,
Magnificent reproduction of the
ROMAN COLISEUM.

ITALIAN EXHIBITION.
ILLUMINATED GARDEN FÊTE EVERY EVENING.
NEAPOLITAN MANDOLINISTS and SORRENTO SINGERS DAILY.

ITALIAN EXHIBITION.
ADMISSION TO THE EXHIBITION, ONE SHILLING. OPEN 11 A.M. TO 11 P.M.
VINCENT A. APPLIN, Secretary.

ART GALLERY.

THE NEW GALLERY, REGENT STREET.—The SUMMER EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M.—Admission One Shilling. Will CLOSE TO-MORROW (Tuesday).

HOTEL LIST.

BONN-ON-RHINE.—HOTEL KAISERHOF. Just opened. New and best furniture. First class, but charges moderate. Best position. Splendid Rhine Terrace. Concerts by Köln Orchestra. Rhine Baths. Rooms from 2s. 6d., light and attendance included.

EASTBOURNE.—BURLINGTON HOTEL, centre of Grand Parade. Redecorated refurnished. Every comfort and luxury. Lift to all floors. All Public Rooms and large number of Private Sitting Rooms and Bedrooms, also Single Bedrooms, FACING THE SEA. Very moderate tariff. Address Manager.

ILFRACOMBE.—The ILFRACOMBE HOTEL.—Thoroughly furnished, equipped, and decorated. 250 Rooms, Eight Lawn Tennis Courts, Large Swimming Bath, Private Baths. Descriptive Tariff of Manager.

SCHWEITZER'S
COCOATINA.
Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.
GUARANTEED PURE SOLUBLE COCOA, WITHOUT ADMIXTURE.
Society says:—"THE QUEEN invariably has a cup of Schweitzer's Cocoatina brought to her bedside at 7.30, and two hours later she quaffs the same beverage at the breakfast table."
COCOATINA.
Retailed in ¼-lb., ½-lb., and 1-lb. Tins at 1s., 1s. 11*d.*, and 3s. 8*d.*

TO
HOLIDAY MAKERS,
TOURISTS, and
TRAVELLERS.

Send your name and address to the Publisher of the Pall Mall Budget, 2, *Northumberland-street, Strand, London, W.C., and enclose postal note for* 1s. 6*d.* (*if address is within the United Kingdom*), *or* 1s. 8*d.* (*if address is abroad*), *for which you will have the* Pall Mall Budget *sent you for a month.*

Original Sketches, by well-known Artists, and fresh and crisp matter, written specially for each issue, are among the characteristic features of the Pall Mall Budget.

NOTICES.

Announcements of BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, *and* DEATHS *are inserted for 5s. each. The* PALL MALL GAZETTE *is sent post free for any number of days to any address in the United Kingdom, France, Germany, and all countries in the Postal Union, at the rate of ninepence per week, or 9s. 9d. per quarter. The* PALL MALL BUDGET, *also post free, costs for the United Kingdom 4s. 11d. per quarter; for all countries in the Postal Union 5s. 4d. per quarter; for India and China 6s. per quarter. Apply to the Manager,* PALL MALL GAZETTE, 2, NORTHUMBERLAND-STREET, STRAND, W.C.

AN IDYLL OF THE SUNNY SOUTH.

THE fields were dry, and cracks ran across the furrows, that were like parched lips open from thirst. Clouds arose and crossed the face of the sun, shining yellow and hot in the middle of the sky; they looked upon the suffering earth and then passed by without pity, giving no drink to the sown fields that languished in the drought. Far away, down among the marshes, hung a thick steam; but here, on the hills, everything was dry and baked. The grain, not yet ripe, was yellow as if it had the fever. In the heat of the noon hour even the little brown tomtits, that hop from furrow to furrow for the worms which come out with the uprooted weeds, had ceased to move and chirp, and were hidden in their nests in the hedges. The crickets, even, were silent; now and then one of them showed his black body and thin, bent legs among the dry blades of the scanty grass. The pretty little green lizards slept under the edges of a flat stone, or moved languidly across it to find a cooler spot. The odours of rosemary, thyme, and a thousand other herbs were drawn out by the hot sun. Everything was under the spell of the fiery Calabrian solstice, in the bucolic landscape which E. Cavazza has chosen as the setting for his last quiet idyll of Italian peasant-life, when simple, hard-working Compare Andrea sat and had the talk with Pina, his wife, which laid the foundations of the whole story. That story is but an old tale retold; but it is told throughout with the same art that makes this first page seem to scorch the mind with its sultry picture of the mid-day fields. Tennyson did not more successfully "cage a sunbeam" for his fellow-countrymen when he painted the glare of more ardent skies beating upon Mariana in the south:—

> Without, the steady glare
> Shrank one sick willow, sheer and small,
> And all the furnace of the light
> Struck up against the blinding wall.

"A Calabrian Penelope," the idyll is called, in the classical fashion of the day; but the classical associations which its treatment suggests are of pastoral, not of epic, poetry. Andrea and Pina fall to sighing over the hard times quite in the manner of some of Virgil's Arcadians, for hard times are not a new curse on the earth; and the final resolve of despairing Pina, fleeced on one hand by the agent of the *galantuomo*, and on the other by the clerical exactions of Fra Giacomo, to emigrate, only sounds like an echo of Theocritus's Sicilian rustic who is driven to enlist.

"In this field we sow our life and we reap ruin," groans Andrea over his weeding. Pina echoes his misery, and presently has to beseech him with tears to banish the counsels of despair, which seem driving him to "turn bai dit" as the last resource of starving poverty. He will turn outlaw, and take his chance in the woods. She shall come with him, and the children: as Pina knows, he is an unerring marksman. Pina weeps and prays. The greedy *reverendo* passes on his mule and wrings two coppers from Andrea, who falls anew to cursing the Franciscan and the world. When at last the pair trudge home at twilight, he has resolved to follow the example of an enterprising fellow-peasant, and go to America to make the fortune of his family. Next week he sails from Messina, and another Ulysses passes between Scylla and Charybdis on his wanderings.

The years pass. Rumours come, of course, that her good man is dead. Suitors are not wanting. There is the agent, and farmer Gianni—but Penelope remains constant and spins her web. Very humorously told are the ways in which she disposes of her wooers. At last, not quite in the twentieth, but in the twelfth year, Ulysses, not with a great fortune, to be sure, but still Ulysses safe and sound, returns. Like Ulysses of old, he is not recognized except by his dog—only Andrea's Argus does not die with his joy; like Ulysses, he proves himself by the test of the bow, and performs a marksman's feat as hazardous as William Tell's.

It was no less than twelve years after the time that Compare Andrea went to America that a stranger entered on foot the one long street of the village. This man was poorly clothed, a little bent, and walked leaning slightly upon a stick. His conical hat with a wide brim was lowered upon his forehead, and he appeared at the same time weary and in haste. He came to the *piazzetta* where the women were filling their jars at the fountain, and asked for water to drink. While he was drinking he looked anxiously at one and another of the women. It seemed as though he wished to ask some question; but in the end he decided not to do so, and contented himself with merely thanking the woman who had offered him her jar. Then he went on his way until he reached the house of Comare Pina. Here he came to a halt before the door. He passed his hand more than once across his brow; for it seemed to him, as to a drowning person, that he saw crowding before his sight all that had happened during so many years. What was it in the odour of the rosemary and the thyme that almost made the tears come to his eyes? Was such a thing ever heard of! *Su, animo!* At least, he was again in his own country.

The old dog, which had been the faithful companion of Compare Andrea, lay stretched across the door-stone asleep, rousing himself now and then to snap at the flies that teased him. He heard the step of the stranger, lifted his head, and listened a moment. Then he arose, growled, was silent for an instant, licked the hand of the stranger, and finished with barking joyously.

Comare Pina left the loom, and came to the door to see what ailed Turco that he should bark so loudly. The stranger stretched out his hands to her.

"It is I, Pina *mia*," he said. "I am come back."

Pina stood motionless, as if she doubted what was said to her. The dog pulled at her skirt. The little daughters came from the field behind the horse, and stood staring with great eyes at the stranger. In a few moments there assembled some *comari* of the neighbourhood, who had watched the traveller on the road.

"Pina, Pina, I am Andrea," he said. "Will you not recognize me?"

"Look, Pina," interposed Comare Barbara, who always thrust herself into the affairs of others. "Do you not see that it is truly Compare Andrea? He is badly dressed, it is true, so that he appears like a beggar—but that does not prevent one from recognizing the large nose that his mamma made him."

"Are you not glad to see me again?" urged Andrea.

"It is so long—so long!" murmured Pina to herself. "Who can say if it be really Andrea? I do not know—and I am Andrea's wife."

"Say, Pina, is not this your man?" asked one of the neighbours.

"What do I know about it?" responded Pina, mournfully.

At this moment her son came down from the forest. Over his shoulder hung

some rabbits which he had shot; and his father's large gun, almost too heavy for a youth, was in his hands.

"Who is this that comes to disturb my mamma?" he asked, and when he looked angry he was all his father.

"I am your papa," Andrea answered him.

"Is my papa come back again?" said the boy. "We have waited so long, mamma, and the little sisters, and I."

Comare Pina snatched the gun from her son's hands. "If you truly are my Andrea," she said, "you can shoot, and so prove it to me."

Andrea's eyes gleamed under the rim of his hat. He held out his hands a little tremulously. "I may have lost my skill," he observed. "I am out of practice."

Nevertheless, he took the gun from her hands.

"It may be so," cried Pina, "but you have to shoot."

"Pina, Pina!" entreated the other women, frightened without knowing why.

She drew off her wedding-ring by main force. Andrea, looking on confusedly, saw that her fingers were grown much thinner during the twelve years of his absence. She ran many paces across the road; and, raising her left hand to her head, she held, between thumb and forefinger, the sacramental ring near her throbbing temple.

"Shoot!" she commanded.

"Heaven, no, Pina! For pity's sake!" begged Andrea. "Tell me, rather, to shoot myself."

"Shoot!" repeated his wife.

"Oh! Will you not believe me—I am, I am your Andrea, your husband. I will prove it to you in so many ways, only give me a little time," he prayed her.

"If you are my Andrea," answered Pina, "you can send the bullet through the ring that you gave me. If you are not he—draw the trigger and burn my brain, for I have waited and hoped too long to be disappointed at last. Shoot!"

All the *comari* screamed and hid their faces from fear; the little girls ran into the house and crouched under the bed, not to see what was being done. The boy flung himself across the door-stone, burying his face in the hair of the dog.

Andrea glanced at Pina. She did not look at him. Her wide-open eyes were turned toward the sky, and seemed blinded by the rays of the sunset. Andrea threw down his hat, straightened himself, raised the gun to his shoulder, took aim, and fired.

Comare Barbara was the only one who could look at such a horror; it is true that the neighbours said of her that she would have watched the torment of the souls in purgatory in order to be able to tell the story of it afterwards—she was such a chatterbox. In relating this story she never failed to say it was a pleasure to see the bullet pass straight through the ring, as if it had been the finger of a bride; and Pina's hand that held the ring never moved, though the wind of the bullet ruffled her hair.

And then poor Pina ran, all in tears, fell at her husband's feet, and, clasping his knees, prayed him to put the ring again on her finger, as if they were standing before the priest. He lifted her from the ground, and, with his arm round her, led her into the house.

Such is the closing scene of the charming idyll with which the *New Princeton Review*, in its present issue, fairly justifies that intrusion of fiction into the reviews and quarterlies.

THE USE OF WEALTH: REAL AND IDEAL.

The place of honour in the last number of the *Nouvelle Revue* is given to an interesting article by M. Courcelle-Seneuil, in which, under the title of "La Morale et l'Usage des Richesses" the ordinary and the ideal use of wealth is philosophically set forth. The writer begins by pointing out that in the majority of cases the nations who have grown rich become demoralized. As soon as work ceases or is diminished, civilization decreases, till once again man is driven back to her by sufferings and by reason.

Riches are accumulated by the few who benefit by the labour of the whole community, according to their intelligence and to the energy with which they pursue their work, and according to the whims of chance; or they are inherited by those who spend them from those who laboured for them. The majority of the wealthy are devoured by ennui, and eaten up by the anxiety to become and to remain the first and foremost. "They are poor in the midst of their wealth, feel their poverty, and ardently long for more riches." The worst effect, however, and the most inevitable, of this cessation of real work, is to render those who give themselves up to idleness incapable of industry and attention, "they descend in the scale of civilization till they arrive at a state of apathy and savagery in which, like an inferior race, they stand below those who are by necessity forced to labour."

As a contrast to this dreary picture of wealth abused, the writer paints in bright and cheerful colours a picture of what wealth can do if rightly and wisely used. "Wealth," he says, "should be neither despised nor squandered; its possession is a power which it would be puerile not to recognize; but it can be used or abused. The crowd bows down before it as before every other power, and worships it; the moralist should lift his eyes higher to adjudge the owner the honour and praise, or to despise and blame him, according to the use he makes of his wealth." And this M. Seneuil considers the right use of wealth. "It should be put to proper use by him who possesses it, and by his family: their own legitimate consumption of it should be limited by the satisfaction of all the requirements for the conservation and augmentation of physical, moral, and intellectual health; anything beyond this, and everything which is done for the sake of ostentation, is luxury, and therefore blameable." The rest of the riches should be spent in thoughtful and well directed charity, not in that charity which gives indiscriminately to the poor, thereby often doing more harm than good, but in the charity which at the right moment stretches out a generous helping hand to the sinking brother, saving him from poverty and moral ruin. The ideal use of wealth, then, is this, "To limit his personal expenses, to do away with everything leading to luxury and ostentation, and to show by useful and disinterested labours that he is worthy of his wealth: this is the duty of the wealthy man."

The conclusion at which M. Courcelle Seneuil arrives is very philosophic, and rather more cheering to the "have not" than to the "have":—

"Every human being seeks after happiness, and the majority imagine that it consists in being well off. Experience shows that this is not the case. It teaches us that our existence consists in a series of pleasant, neutral, and painful moments. If we put aside the advantages of health, the happiest man is he who, occupied with an honest enterprise, feels that he is successful in it. Work—steady and thoughtful work, from which savages and brutes shrink—satisfies a need of the civilized man; it is moral and intellectual health to him, which inspires him with gladness and with the feeling of well-being, and it banishes ennui. Work among all classes—but particularly among the rich, who can choose and extend it according to their wish—is the surest warrant of good morals, of longevity, of individuals and families, of the content arising from the satisfaction of duties fulfilled."

Legion of Honour, 1878. Royal Portuguese Knighthood, 1883. Gold Medals at Principal Exhibitions.
JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS' Patent Sostenente PIANOS are for sale, hire, and on the three years' system. "The perfection of touch, tone, and durability."—18, 20, 22, Wigmore-street, London, W. Lists free.

NATHANIEL BERRY'S PIANOS, with brass plated actions, iron-plated backs, Warranted for 20 years. Price 18 guineas. THREE YEARS' SYSTEM. 14s. per month. Carriage and tuning free. No deposit or guarantee required. Upright iron grands from 25 guineas. Organs from 6s. per month. Send for illustrated price lists, with testimonials, 135, City-road, London, E.C.

THE RACES.
NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA'S Celebrated BINOCULARS.
In Sling Case complete, Two Guineas and upwards.
MAKERS TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
HOLBORN-VIADUCT, E.C.
Branches: 45, CORNHILL; 122, REGENT-STREET.
Photographic Studio, CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM.
Illustrated Lists free by post.

FURNISH on NORMAN and STACEY'S Instalment System, from wholesale firms. No deposit. 1, 2, or 3 years' credit, with option of purchase at any time. Strictly private. Free delivery.—Offices, 79, Queen Victoria-street, E.C., and 121, Pall-mall, S.W.

BILLIARDS or BAGATELLES! All those requiring New or Second-hand Tables, Requisites, or Billiard work done, should, before going elsewhere, send for New Price List, Cloth and Cushion Samples, to HENNIG BROS., 11, High-street, W.C.

FARNBOROUGH PINE-THERAPEUTIC ESTABLISHMENT (one of the healthiest pine districts in the Kingdom) has been carefully reconstructed for carrying out the "pine system," the most efficacious remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Bronchial, and Chest Diseases. Pine baths and inhalation rooms, Massage, Turkish and Russian baths. Extensive pleasure grounds. Open and covered tennis courts. Complete hotel accommodation. Prospectus, post free, from Secretary.

THE MATRIMONIAL HERALD and FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE GAZETTE is the original and only recognized Medium for High-class INTRODUCTIONS. The largest and most successful matrimonial agency in the world. Price 3d.; in envelope, 4½d.—Address, "Editor," 4c, Lamb's Conduit street, London, W.C.

THE biggest £5 BANK of ENGLAND NOTE in the world will be GIVEN AWAY every Wednesday to the first common-sense Englishman who has the nous to go for it. See MONDAY'S TRADE and FINANCE, a Newspaper for every one.—All Newsagents and Railway Bookstalls, or post free 2d.—35, Mark-lane, London, E.C.

Just published, 102 pp. foolscap 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, price 2s. 6d.,
FROM OVER THE TOMB.
By a LADY.
CONTENTS.—Section I.: Of the Necessities of Salvation. Sect. II.: Of God's Manifestation to Man and Man's Nature. Sect. III.: Of the Teaching and Example of Christ. Sect. IV.: Of Duty on Earth. Sect. V.: Of Spiritual Existence and the State after Death.
In this very extensive summary of spiritual teaching it is stated that the lady's husband in spirit-life communicated it through her hand.
J. BURNS, 15, Southampton-row, London, W.C.

Third Edition.
"WORDS FOR TRUTH."
REPLIES TO ROMAN CAVILS AGAINST THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.
by
RICHARD FREDERICK LITTLEDALE, LL.D., D.C.L.
"He that is first in his own cause seemeth just;
But his neighbour cometh and searcheth him."
Price Sixpence.
KENT and Co., 23, Paternoster-row, E.C.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS' WRITINGS ON HOME RULE.
1. IS HOME RULE FOR IRELAND JUST AND SAFE?
8 pp. One Hundred and Fifth Thousand. Fifty, 1s. 6d.; One Hundred, 2s. 6d.; Five Hundred, 10s.; One Thousand, 15s.; over One Thousand, 20s. Thousand. All carriage free.
2. WHAT DOES HOME RULE FOR IRELAND MEAN?
3. HOME RULE ALL ROUND.
Nos. 2 and 3 are large two-page leaflets. Fifty, 6d.; One Hundred, 1s.; Five Hundred, 3s.; One Thousand and over, 5s. per Thousand. All carriage free.
All communications should be made to Mr. Hopps, Lea Hurst, Leicester.
A specimen copy of each will be sent by Mr. Hopps to any address, on receipt of one penny stamp.

TWENTY DOCTORS.
A SUFFERER'S EXPERIENCE OF RHEUMATIC GOUT.
"Calculated to be in every sense useful to sufferers."—*Daily News.*
"A singularly amusing and instructive account."—*Observer.*
"It is at once cheery and suggestive."—*Globe.*
"A good deal of shrewd advice is informally conveyed in this little pamphlet. Shows what a gouty man can do for his own comfort."—*Lancet.*
By A MEMBER OF THE C.T.C.
Price Sixpence.
London: HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO., Paternoster-row, E.C.

ENTRE NOUS, American Illustrated Edition (10th thousand). By THE MARQUIS DE LEUVILLE.
American News Company, New York.
Also by the same Author,
SOCIAL ARTICLES and PARISIAN STORIES contributed to the *Boulevard* and other Paris Papers in 1888.

PEOPLE'S PALACE for EAST LONDON.—BEAUMONT TRUST.
Chairman—Sir EDMUND HAY CURRIE.
The PEOPLE'S PALACE is OPEN DAILY with a very fine EXHIBITION of PAINTINGS, collected and arranged by Messrs. Comyns Carr and Hallé, the directors of the New Gallery.
Promenade Concerts, with illuminated Fête Nightly, until September 15. Band of the Scots Guards, conducted by Mr. E. Holland, and other bands, nightly. Admission on Monday and Tuesday, August 6th and 7th, One Penny; all subsequent days, from 10 to 5, Sixpence; 5 to 10 P.M., One Penny.
Tramcars from Aldgate and Whitechapel Station pass the doors every few minutes.

SUN FIRE AND LIFE OFFICES, Threadneedle-street, E.C.; Charing-cross, S.W.; Oxford-street (corner of Vere-street), W.
FIRE. Established 1710. Home and Foreign Insurances at moderate rates.
LIFE. Established 1810. Low premiums. Large Cash Bonuses. Investment Policies. Liberal conditions. Immediate settlements.

THE ECONOMIC LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.
(Established 1823).
The Rates of Premium are considerably lower than those usually charged, with early participation in profits, thus securing the immediate advantage of a larger original assurance.
EXISTING SUMS ASSURED, including outstanding Bonuses £9,426,117
CLAIMS have been paid to the amount of over eight millions.
CASH PROFITS declared amounting to nearly two millions and a half sterling, representing Reversionary Bonuses of four millions one hundred and fifty-three thousand pounds.
MUTUAL CONSTITUTION.—The whole of the Profits are divided among the Policy holders, who are expressly exempt from individual liability.
Statement of Accounts and full particulars on application.
6, NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

WESTMINSTER FIRE OFFICE, 27, KING-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.
Founded A.D. 1717. Losses promptly paid.
Insurances arranged by Telephone No. 3,652.
CHARLES ROUSE BROWNE, Secretary.

ACCIDENTS ALL THE YEAR ROUND. Provide against them by Policy of the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY, 64, CORNHILL, LONDON.
Hon. EVELYN ASHLEY, Chairman
Annual Income, £248,000.
Invested Capital and Reserve Fund, £275,000.
Compensation Paid for 126,000 Accidents, £2,500,000.
Moderate Premiums—Favourable Conditions—New Concessions. Prompt and Liberal Settlement of Claims. West-end Office:—8, Grand Hotel-buildings, W.C. Head Office:—64, Cornhill, London, E.C. WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

MONARCH INVESTMENT BUILDING SOCIETY. Established 1867.
Total advances made exceed £1,335,685.
DEPOSITS received at 3½ and 4 per cent., subject to arrangement as to withdrawal.
DIVIDENDS paid half-yearly through the post.
For forms of application apply to
W. H. MAVERS, Secretary.
Offices: 23, Finsbury-circus, E.C.

A GOOD PLAN.—£10 and upwards in OPTIONS on STOCKS is often doubled or trebled in a few days. Explanatory book sent free by G. EVANS and Co., Stockbrokers, Gresham House, London, E.C.

REVERSIONS AND LIFE INTERESTS in LANDED or FUNDED PROPERTY or other securities and annuities PURCHASED, or loans or annuities thereon granted by the EQUITABLE REVERSIONARY INTEREST SOCIETY (LIMITED), 10, LANCASTER-PLACE, WATERLOO-BRIDGE, STRAND, Established 1835. Capital, £500,000. Interest on Loans may be capitalized.
F. S. CLAYTON } Joint
C. H. CLAYTON } Secretaries.

A NOVELTY in ART WORK.—A unique exhibition of a novel and beautiful application of the pure fibre of FLAX (linen), dyed in fast washing colours, all fashionable shades, to purposes of artistic decoration of all kinds, domestic, ecclesiastical, decorative, and household linen, needlework, &c. An excellent substitute for silk. A model bedroom, decorated throughout in flax threads, on view. Admission on presentation of address card. Samples and materials may be obtained in the room.—HARRIS, 53, NEW BOND-STREET.

ARMY and NAVY HOUSE FURNISHING COMPANY HIRE PURCHASE SYSTEM.
Co-operative Prices, Monthly or Quarterly Payments.
PROSPECTUS—20, REGENT-STREET, LONDON.

PHOSPHORUS (NERVE and BRAIN FOOD).—A pamphlet (18th edition), giving instances of its unparalleled success in the cure of heart diseases and weakness generally. Post free 3 stamps, addressed Publisher of *Earth Life*, 1, Cecil-street, London, W.C.

KEATING'S POWDER.
Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles.
Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles.
Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles.
Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles.
Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles.
Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles.
Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles.
Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s. each.

SPECIAL PREPAID ADVERTISEMENTS.

3 LINES 1/-
3 INSERTIONS 2/3

Beyond 3 Lines 4d. per Line per Insertion.

(NOTE.—Each line averages about Seven words.)

These advertisements can be repeated at the same rates in the *Pall Mall Budget*, the Weekly Edition of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

APARTMENTS to be LET.

SWITZERLAND.—"Pension du Lac," Gunten, Lake of Thun, twenty-four hours from London. Good holiday quarters. Terms 28s. per week, including full board and apartments, with free boating, bathing, and fishing.—References permitted to E. Henley, Esq., 16, Stonebridge-park, N.W.

TO LET—West-end Central—prettily Furnished Drawing-room, Bedroom, Box-room, single Bedrooms. Excellent cooking, attendance.—Address F., 58, Harley-street, Cavendish-square.

WELL-FURNISHED DRAWING-ROOMS.—Gas, piano, good cooking, no children. Scrupulously clean. Terms moderate.—170, Euston-road, overlooking Euston-square.

HOUSES, &c., to be LET or SOLD.

CROMER.—FURNISHED HOUSE to LET from 8th inst. Three minutes from beach.—For terms apply to Mr. SALTER, Hillside, Cromer.

EDUCATIONAL.

ELOCUTION.—Unique instruction by Edwin Drew, Editor, THE ELOCUTIONIST (monthly), 124, Gower-street. Books 2s. 2d. Postal instruction. Innumerable, irreproachable references.

SCHORNE COLLEGE, near Winslow, for Sons of Clergy, Army, Navy, &c. Thirty guineas per annum; considerable reduction to brothers and orphans. Entrance fee, five guineas. Vicar is Warden.—Address, Rev. Dr JAMES.

THE FRENCH, SPANISH, AND PORTUGUESE IDIOMS TAUGHT in four months; guarantee.—Reply, Mr. CARVALHO, Poste-restante, Charing-cross

MISCELLANEOUS.

STAMPS! STAMPS!!—Buy, sell, and exchange with Palmer, who agitated Parliament to pass Act to stop forged stamps. Cheapest house; best prices given for collections; opinions given on stamps gratis. 500 stamps, all different, 6s. Brick-Brac, 1d. Stamps sent on approval. J. W. PALMER, 283, Strand, London.

TO AUTHORS, JOURNALISTS, &c. An Editor of experience says:—"If "the writers who deluge my table with MSS. would "only spend TWOPENCE PER 100 WORDS "in having their articles copied by a type writer, "what a blessing it would be for me and the "comps., and how much greater chance their "copy would have of being read." TYPE-WRITING DONE at that rate by "TYPEWRITER," 74, Shaftesbury-road, Hammersmith, W. Translations from French and German also undertaken.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT. Their full value return post.—Address, Manufacturing Dentist, 193, Junction-road, Holloway. Established twenty years.

WASHING WANTED by well-established good laundress. Has every convenience. Thoroughly understands getting up fine linen. Constant supply of water. Large open drying grounds. Good references. Terms moderate. Covered van in town daily.—Mrs. J. H., Cambridge Laundry, Bollo-bridge-road, Acton.

GREAT NORTHERN CENTRAL HOSPITAL.

BUILDING FUND APPEAL.

As £20,000 only has been subscribed towards the £45,000 required for the New Buildings now in course of erection, further CONTRIBUTIONS are Urgently NEEDED, and will be thankfully received by the Bankers, Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie, and Co., 1, Pall-mall East, S.W., or by the Secretary, Mr. William T. Grant, at the Hospital, Holloway-road, N.

C. T. MURDOCH, Esq., M.P.,
Chairman of Committee

CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL, BROMPTON. FUNDS URGENTLY REQUIRED. CHARITY UNENDOWED. 321 Beds. Expenses, £24,000; Fixed Income, under £3,000 a year. H. DOBBIN, Secretary.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free). Founded 1851. BROMPTON, LONDON, S.W. No letters of recommendation needed. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS are URGENTLY SOLICITED. The reliable income is about £3,000 a year less than the ordinary expenditure.
BANKERS—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., Strand, W.C.
W. H. HUGHES, Secretary.

WARRINGTON LODGE, Warwick-road, Maida-vale, W. — PRIVATE HOSPITAL for LADIES. For terms, &c. write to the Secretary and Superintendent, Mrs. McDONALD.

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. For Bilious and

BEECHAM'S PILLS. Nervous Disorders.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. For Indigestion in all its forms.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. For Wind and Pain in the Stomach.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. For Sick Headache.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. For Giddiness.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. For Dizziness and Drowsiness.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. For Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. For Costiveness and Scurvy.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. For Blotches on the Skin.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. Is the Finest Medicine in the World

BEECHAM'S PILLS. Are Worth a Guinea a Box.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. Are Adapted for Old and Young.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. Are Recommended by Medical Men.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. Are the Right Thing in the Right Place.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. For Fulness and Swelling after Meals.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. For Disturbed Sleep and Frightful Dreams.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. Are the Best Medicine for Female Complaints.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. The First Dose gives Relief in 20 minutes.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. Have Saved the Lives of thousands.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. Is a Wonderful Medicine for Females of all ages.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. Are sold by all Patent Medicine Dealers.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. Will restore the Rosebud of Health to Every One who Uses Them.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. Have the largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. Prepared only by the Proprietor THOMAS BEECHAM, ST. HELEN'S, LANCASHIRE, And Sold in Boxes, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. By all Chemists and Patent Medicine Dealers. Full Directions with each Box.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING and LIGHTING.—IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT to GENTLEMEN'S SONS.—The London College of Electrical Engineering is now laying down an important Public Installation of Electric Lighting (both Arc and Incandescent), in which the students will have the advantage of carrying out the whole of the practical work and afterwards of attending to the maintenance. The number of Students will be strictly limited, and an early application should be addressed to the Principal.—The LONDON COLLEGE OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING, Nos. 9, 10, and 7, Railway approach, London Bridge, S.E. Established 1872.

SALCOMBE COLLEGE, Loughton, Essex.—Principal, Mrs. Vivian, assisted by Resident Certificated English, French, and German Governesses; London Professors. The College is situated on a hill, and stands in its own grounds of two acres. Lawn tennis and croquet. Close to Epping Forest, and twelve miles from London. University and other Examinations. Excellent class-rooms, and well-furnished sitting-rooms. Terms moderate and inclusive. References: Revs. J. Angus, D.D., W. Durban, B.A., J. A. Spurgeon, also W. Olney, F. A. Owgan, M.D., J. Passmore, Esqrs. Prospectus, with view of College, sent on application.

AN APPEAL

In aid of an unfortunate Widow Lady whose daughter is nearly blind and affected with a chronic peritonitis, desires to rejoin her relations in America, that she may be able to procure the necessaries to support her child.

She came to London in a comfortable position twelve years ago, but owing to the long illness of her daughter and other adversities, has lost all she possessed. Her hopes are placed on the bounty of those who like to do good to furnish her with the means to return to the United States and pay the debts incurred through illness.

Address donations to Doctor J. RUSSELL HARRIS, 13, Surrey-street, Strand, and to Mrs. JOSEPHINE ANDERSON, 25—27, King's-road, Chelsea.

CHRISTIAN KINGDOM SOCIETY, for the Promotion of God's Kingdom of Righteousness, Unselfishness, and Love. ITS ONLY RULE an honest endeavour to be loyal to the Spirit of Christ. Those attracted by it should write to Secretary, 20, St. Bride-street, E.C.

BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS. The GREAT REMEDY for GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, and NEURALGIA. The excruciating pain is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by this celebrated Medicine. These Pills require no restraint of diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the diseases attacking any vital part. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. per box.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT and PILLS.—Any one who has an attack of either Gout or Rheumatism should use Holloway's Ointment, the powerful action of which, combined with the operation of the Pills, must infallibly effect a cure The Pills act directly on the blood, which they purify and improve, and perseverance with the Ointment will speedily relax all stiffness and prevent any permanent contraction.

SAUNDERS'S GUARDS HAIR DYE is the cheapest and best, has no smell, is perfectly harmless, and instantly changes red or grey hair to the most natural brown or black. A trial proves its superiority. 2s. 6d. or 3s. 6d.; free for 3 stamps extra.—J. TOUZEAU SAUNDERS, 312, Oxford-street.

Fiftieth Thousand.

Crown 4to, in Coloured Wrapper. Price THREEPENCE; post-free, FOURPENCE.

A NEW AND REVISED EDITION OF

THE BEST HUNDRED BOOKS.

By the Best Literary Judges of the Day,

With an Article on "The Choice of Books," by Mr. JOHN RUSKIN,

And a hitherto UNPUBLISHED LETTER by THOMAS CARLYLE.

CONTAINING CONTRIBUTIONS FROM

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
MR. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. (with facsimile note).
MR. J. CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.
SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, M.P.
MR. JOHN RUSKIN (with facsimile list).
THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.
GENERAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY.
THE CHIEF LIBRARIAN OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.
THE HEAD MASTER OF ETON.
THE HEAD MASTER OF HARROW.
LADY DILKE (Mrs. Mark Pattison).
MISS BRADDON.
MRS. LYNN LINTON.
His Excellency the AMERICAN MINISTER.
PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.
MR. A. C. SWINBURNE.
MR. WILKIE COLLINS.
MR. HENRY IRVING.
MR. H. M. STANLEY.
MR. F. C. BURNAND.
MR. JAMES PAYN.
MR. WILLIAM MORRIS.
MR. ADAM BLACK.
MR. BERNARD QUARITCH.
THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION.
THE PRESIDENT OF THE BAPTIST UNION.

And many others.

"PALL MALL GAZETTE" OFFICE, 2, Northumberland-street, Strand, London, W.C.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS.

WEST COAST ROYAL MAIL ROUTE.

LONDON to EDINBURGH in EIGHT HOURS

Commencing on MONDAY, August the 6th, and to be continued throughout the month of August, a SPECIAL 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class EXPRESS TRAIN will, on Week days leave LONDON (Euston Station) at 10 A.M., and arrive in EDINBURGH (Princes-street Station) at 6 P.M.

G. FINDLAY, General Manager,
London and North Western Railway.

J. THOMPSON, General Manager,
Caledonian Railway.

August, 1888.

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA.—ORIENT LINE FORTNIGHTLY SERVICE.

The following Steamships, belonging to the ORIENT and PACIFIC COMPANIES, leave LONDON as under, Plymouth one day later, Naples nine days later, for ALBANY, ADELAIDE, MELBOURNE, and SYDNEY direct with her Majesty's mails, taking passengers for all ports in AUSTRALASIA:—

	Tons	H.P.	
LIGURIA	4,938	4,200	Aug. 17
AUSTRAL	5,538	7,000	Aug. 31
IBERIA	4,702	4,000	Sept. 14
ORMUZ	6,116	8,500	Sept. 28
CUZCO	3,918	4,000	Oct. 12
ORIENT	5,386	6,000	Oct. 26

Loading berth, Tilbury Docks.
Cheap Single and Return Tickets.

Managers, F. GREEN and Co., 13, Fenchurch-avenue, and ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and Co., 5, Fenchurch-avenue, London, E.C. For freight or passage apply to the latter firm, or to the West-end Agents, GRINDLAY and Co., 55, Parliament street, S.W.

LONDON TO NEW YORK. WILSON-HILL LINE.

Splendid Passenger STEAMERS, with superior accommodation amidships, sail regularly.

PERSIAN MONARCH, Aug. 11 | LUDGATE HILL, Aug. 18

1st class, £10; 2nd class, £6 6s.; 3rd class, £3 16s.—Apply to ALLAN BROTHERS and Co., 103, Leadenhall-street, E.C.

CUNARD LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.—LIVERPOOL to NEW YORK direct EVERY SATURDAY, and BOSTON EVERY TUESDAY. Fares, 12, 15, 18, and 21 guineas, and £26; return ticket 25, 30, and 35 guineas, and £45. Intermediate passage £8 8s. Steerage at low rates. Parcels will be received at the City Office three days before date of sailing.—Apply to the Cunard Steamship Company (Limited), in Liverpool, 8, Water-street; or in London, 6, St. Helen's-place, E.C., and 28, Pall-mall, S.W

TO GERMANY,

by Ocean Mail Steamer from Southampton, homeward bound from New York.

The magnificent EXPRESS STEAMERS of the NORDDEUTSCHER LLOYD, 5,500 tons, 6,000-horse power each, take passengers from Southampton for Bremen every Thursday and every Sunday. Lofty state rooms, liberal table, electric light everywhere. Fares: Through from London first saloon, £3 15s.; second saloon, £1 18s. 6d.; Return tickets, £4 15s. 6d. and £3 15s. respectively. All parts of Germany easily reached by rail from Bremen. Apply to Company's Agents, Keller, Wallis, and Co., 32, Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, London, S.W.; or 5 and 7, Fenchurch street, E.C.; or at Southampton.

NORWEGIAN FJORDS.—For particulars of STEAM YACHTING CRUISES, by best routes, apply to THOS. COOK and SON, Ludgate-circus, or 99, Gracechurch-street.

EXCURSIONS to SCOTLAND.—EDINBURGH (Leith), passage 28 hours.—The LONDON and EDINBURGH SHIPPING COMPANY'S first-class steamships *METEOR* (new steamer), *IONA*, and *MARMION* (lighted by electricity), from HERMITAGE STEAM WHARF, Wapping, EVERY TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, as follows:—August 6th, Noon; 11th, 2 P.M.; 14th, 4 P.M.; 15th, 5 P.M.; 18th, 10 A.M.; 21st, Noon; 22nd, Noon; 25th, 2 P.M.; 28th, 4 P.M.; 29th, 4 P.M.; returning from Edinburgh (Leith) every Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday. Fares (including steward's fees): Saloon, 22s.; fore cabin, 16s.; staterooms of four berths, for families, 32s. each berth; deck (soldiers and sailors only), 10s.; return tickets, available for twelve months, saloon, 34s.; fore cabin, 24s. 6d.—Apply to G. W. WHEATLEY and Co., 23, Regent-street; Booking Office, 102, Queen Victoria-street; LAVINGTON'S, 69, Old Bailey; or at the Wharf, to J. C. GREGORY.

N.B.—This route offers unrivalled facilities for visiting the GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION. EXPRESS TRAINS run every hour between EDINBURGH and GLASGOW.

Cheap Circular Tours round the Land's End and by Bristol Channel, in connection with the Clyde Shipping Company and Messrs. Sloan and Co.'s Steamers.

WRITE us to mail you our PAMPHLET describing COAL and TIMBER LANDS. Rare opportunity for a REMUNERATIVE INVESTMENT for present or future. We give New York City Banks for references.—WESTERN PROMOTING AND DEVELOPING COMPANY, Chillicothe, Ohio, U.S.A.

RENT £38.—Charming HOUSE, in healthy neighbourhood, convenient for boating or fishing; three reception and five bed rooms, bath-room, and all conveniences.—Apply, STOKELEY PARK ESTATE OFFICE, 17, Hilton-terrace, Fulham-road, S.W. (close to Parson's-green Railway Station).

ANERLEY, price £430.—A great bargain. A commanding and very superior family RESIDENCE, with ten good rooms and offices; desirable situation; good gardens; 28 feet frontage. Rent, £50; ground rent, £10. Lease, 78 years. Address or call.—Mr. DUBERY, 12, Regent-street, Pall-mall.

NEW BOOK BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

MAIWA'S REVENGE;

Or, the War of the Little Hand.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of "SHE," "ALLAN QUATERMAIN," &c.
Crown 8vo, 2s. boards; 2s. 6d. cloth.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and CO.

NEW AND MUCH CHEAPER EDITION.

THE ENGLISH IN THE WEST INDIES;

Or, The Bow of Ulysses.

By JAMES A. FROUDE. With 9 Illustrations from Sketches by the Author.
Crown 8vo, price 2s. boards; 2s. 6d. cloth.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and CO.

Crown 8vo, with 8 Illustrations and 2 Maps, 7s. 6d.

A FIGHT WITH DISTANCES:

the States, the Hawaiian Islands, Canada, British Columbia, Cuba, the Bahamas.

By J. J. AUBERTIN, Translator of "The Lusiads," &c.

"What he saw he describes with excellent effect, great good-humour, and keenness of penetration."—ACADEMY. "Written brightly throughout."—MORNING POST. "The book is excellent in every way."—MANCHESTER EXAMINER. "He appears to have thoroughly enjoyed himself, and his reader enjoys with him."—SATURDAY REVIEW. "Of much practical use to future travellers."—GRAPHIC. "Read with much interest."—AMERICAN JOURNAL. "Mr. Aubertin's eye is more than commonly keen . . . ready pen . . . good spirits and temper."—WORLD. "Numerous bright passages, shrewdness of observation, happy gift of description."—JOHN BULL. "Mr. Aubertin writes with animation, a certain gift of style, and with the capacity of a keen and cultivated observer."—LEEDS MERCURY. "Useful to any traveller."—YORKSHIRE POST. "Pleasant reading, and introduces one to scenes and people that are pleasant as well as strange."—SCOTSMAN. "It would be invaluable as a Baedeker."—BRADFORD OBSERVER. "A keen observer, an appreciator of scenery and incident, and a fluent writer, with abundance of recreative and instructive reading"—LIVERPOOL POST. "Brightened with gleams of humour."—GLASGOW HERALD.

London: KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, and CO.

Now ready (Sixpence), New Series, No. 62.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for AUGUST,

containing, among other articles of interest, "*WHO WROTE DICKENS'S NOVELS?*"—"*TWO BRITISH PILGRIMAGES IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY*"—"*THE PEAK OF TENERIFE*"—"*HOT WINDS*"—"*THE HOME OF TURKISH TOBACCO,*" *and* "*A LIFE'S MORNING,*" *by the Author of* "*Demos,*" "*Thyrza,*" *&c., Chaps. 15 and 16.*

London: SMITH, ELDER and CO., 15, Waterloo-place.

OUR EYES.

Just Published, Sixth Edition, Revised and Enlarged with Three New Chapters and Appendix, and Additional Illustrations. Eleventh Thousand.

OUR EYES, AND HOW TO PRESERVE THEM FROM INFANCY TO OLD AGE, with Special Information about Spectacles.
By JOHN BROWNING, F.R.A.S., F.R.M.S., &c.
With 58 illustrations, price 1s., cloth.

EXTRACTS from NOTICES of the FIRST EDITION.—"'How to Use Our Eyes,' by John Browning, F.R.A.S., is a thoroughly practical little manual."—*Graphic.* "Gives many a useful hint to those who enjoy good eyesight and wish to preserve it, and gives the advice of an oculist to those obliged to wear spectacles."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

CHATTO and WINDUS, Piccadilly, London, W., and all Booksellers.
Sent free for 1s. 2d. by the Author, JOHN BROWNING, 63, Strand, London, W.C.

VEGETARIANISM.

VEGETUS (vital, vigorous, wholesome, healthful), the BEST SUMMER DIET, not CABBAGE, CARROTS, POTATOES, but FRESH FRUIT, GRAIN, and NUTS.

To promote humanity, purity, temperance, health, and happiness—Vegetarianism is summed up in these grand words. It claims alike the sanction of Religion and Science, &c. READ the VEGETARIAN, the best penny weekly, beautifully illustrated. Interesting articles, stories, &c. Recipes for vegetarian dishes. To be had at every bookstall and library. Order it at once, and see that you get it.

A packet of literature, illustrating the principles of Vegetarianism, together with recipes for making wholemeal bread and all kinds of Vegetarian dishes, will be sent gratuitously to any inquirer from the office of the LONDON VEGETARIAN SOCIETY, 18, St. Bride-street, Ludgate-circus, E.C., on receipt of a stamped and directed envelope.

SUN LIFE OFFICE.

EXTRAORDINARY RESULTS.

The profits paid this year in cash by the SUN LIFE OFFICE have been exceptionally large, surpassing those hitherto given, and for which the Society has been so justly noted, and averaged 196 p.c. of the annual premium (nearly two premiums), payable in cash.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The above Extraordinary Results prove that a WITH PROFIT POLICY opened with the SUN LIFE OFFICE can be had at considerably LESS THAN COST PRICE.

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES granted on favourable terms With and Without Profits.—Obtain and read the New Edition of the Society's Prospectus.

JOHN G. PRIESTLEY, HARRIS C. L. SAUNDERS, } Joint Actuaries.

MILNERS' SAFES.

28, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, E.C.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

SHORTHAND. Metropolitan School, Ld., 27, Chancery-lane. Business men, note—Shorthand acquired here in odd spare hours. Inspect (free) our list of vacancies. We can place any number of gentlemanly youths and young men in the City. Country boarders received. A chartered accountant gives practical training in book-keeping. Prospectus post free.

THE TURF SCANDALS.

SECOND EDITION NOW READY.

Price TWOPENCE, Post free THREEPENCE,

JOCKEYS AND THEIR MASTERS;

Or, the Sherrard Stable and the Jockey Club.

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS AND PORTRAITS.

It contains the story of the alleged libel on Charley Wood, and of the refusal of the Jockey Club to renew his licence. A full description is also given of the charges brought by Lord Durham against Sir George Chetwynd, with the Correspondence which has passed between them and the Jockey Club. It also includes short personal sketches of the chief members of the Jockey Club, a special description of the Sherrard Stable, and analyses of the running of certain of the horses concerned in the dispute.

"PALL MALL GAZETTE" OFFICE, 2, Northumberland-street, Strand, London, W.C

"Dr. Palliser's Patient."

BY GRANT ALLEN.

A WEIRD AND FASCINATING STORY OF MODERN DAYS.

THE Editor of the **Pall Mall Budget** has great pleasure in announcing the first of the new features which were promised to the readers of that Journal. The first novelty is a weird and fascinating story from the pen of Mr. GRANT ALLEN, whose command of the weird and fascinating is well known. The title of the story is **"Dr. Palliser's Patient."** The story, now appearing, is told by Dr. Palliser, an English physician practising in Paris. The SECRET of the story is not divulged until the last chapter. The scene is laid in modern Paris, and the story is full of the most remarkable episodes, whilst the interest never flags for a moment. The publication of **"Dr. Palliser's Patient"** will continue from week to week until its conclusion. The story is specially illustrated under the author's own direction.

OFFICES: 2, NORTHUMBERLAND STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Printed and Published by RICHARD LAMBERT, at the Office, 2, Northumberland-street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.—MONDAY, August 6, 1888.